BUSIRIS,

King of EGYPT.

A

TRAGEDY;

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRES

IN

LONDON and DUBLIN.

By E. YOUNG, L.L.B.

O triſte plane acerbumq; Funus! O Morte ipſa Mortis Tempus indignius! Jam deſtinata erat egregio Juveni, Jam electus Nuptiarum Dies; Quod Gaudium, Quo mœrore mutatum eſt? Plin. Epiſt.

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M,DCC,LXI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To His GRACE the

DUKE of NEWCASTLE,

ONE OF

His MAJESTY'S *Principal Secretaries of State.*

My LORD,

IF a Dedication carries in its Nature a Mark of our Acknowledgment and Eſteem, and is there moſt due, where we are moſt obliged; the late Inſtances I received of Your Grace's undeſerved and uncommon Favour in an Affair of ſome Conſequence (foreign to the Theatre) has taken from me the Privilege of *chuſing* a Patron; eſpecially for a Performance, which, not only by its Kind, falls immediately under Your Grace's Authority, but which likewiſe by its good Fortune, in a Seaſon of ſome Danger to it, received from Your Grace's free Indulgence, its Life and Succeſs on the Stage. Thus my Ambition concurs with my Duty, and it is my Happineſs, not to be able to gratify the Impulſe of the one, without obeying at the ſame Time the Dictates of the other.

ADDRESSES of this Nature, thro' a groſs Abuſe of Praiſe, have juſtly fallen under Ridicule.

How pleaſant it is, to hear one of Yeſterday complimented on his illuſtrious Anceſtors! A ſordid Perſon, on his Magnificence! An illiterate Pretender, on his Skill in Arts and Sciences! Or a Wretch contracted with Self-love, on his diffuſive Benevolence to Mankind! Yet from the Frequency of ſuch a ſhameful Proſtitution of the Pen as this, one Advantage reſults; it gives the Grace of Novelty and Peculiarity to a Dedication, that ſhall reclaim Panegyric from its Guilt, and reſcue the late mentioned ſublime Diſtinctions of Character from Abſurdity and Injuſtice, by applying them to a DUKE of *Newcaſtle*. It is a kind of Compliment paid to Panegyric itſelf, to uſe it on ſo juſt an Occaſion.

It is Letters, my Lord, which diſtinguiſh one Age from another; each Period of Time ſhines, or is caſt in Shades, as they flouriſh or decline; and who knows not, that the Fate of Letters is determin'd by the kind or cold Aſpect of the Great? How happy then is the preſent Time! how fair an Aſſurance has it of being exempted from the Death of common Ages, when we ſee the politer Arts triumphing in the Care and Encouragement of One who has made an early and regular Acquaintance with them at their *own Home*, joining to the ampleſt Fortune, the Qualifications requiſite (had it been wanting) to acquire and deſerve it: One, who in the Flower of Youth, when the Imagination is warmeſt, and fit for ſuch a Province, preſides over the Labours of Genius and fine

fine Taſte, and has it in his Power to rival thoſe he is pleaſed to patronize. One, in a Word, who is covetous of Learning, reaches beyond his own Nation for new Supplies of it; who, zealous for Merit, pays Honours to its very Aſhes; and whoſe being an excellent Maſter in polite Letters himſelf, is one of the ſmalleſt Proofs he has given of his ardent Love towards them.

But I cannot turn my Thought that Way, without being put in Mind of the Imperfection of the following Scenes. I own they have many Faults, as many as I can allow, without reflecting on the Town, for the Countenance they have received: But I hope they have Merit enough to entitle them to ſome Share of Your Grace's Approbation, as well as Errors enough to make them ſtand in Need of all Your Protection. The Continuance of which is humbly hoped by,

My LORD,

Your GRACE'S

much obliged,

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

PROLOGUE

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

LONG have you ſeen the Greek *and* Roman *Name,*
Aſſiſted by the Muſe, renew their Fame:
While yet unſung thoſe Heroes ſleep, from whom
Greece *form'd her* Plato's *and her* Cæſar's Rome.
Such, Egypt, *were thy Sons! divinely great,*
In Arts, and Arms, in Wiſdom and in State.
Her early Monarchs gave ſuch Glories Birth,
Their Ruins are the Wonders of the Earth.
Structures ſo vaſt by thoſe great Kings deſign'd,
Are but faint Sketches of their boundleſs Mind:
Yet ne'er has Albion's *Scenes, tho' long renown'd,*
With the ſtern Tyrants of the Nile *been crown'd.*
The Tragic Muſe in Grandeur ſhould excel,
Her Figure blazes, and her Numbers ſwell.
The proudeſt Monarch of the proudeſt Age,
From Egypt *comes to tread the* Britiſh *Stage:*
Old Homer's *Heroes Moderns are to thoſe,*
Whom this Night's venerable Scenes diſcloſe.
Here Pomp and Splendor ſerve but to prepare;
To touch the Soul is our peculiar Care:
By juſt Diſtreſs ſoft Pity to impart,
And mend your Nature, while we move your Heart:
Nor wou'd theſe Scenes in empty Words abound,
Or overlay the Sentiment with Sound.

Words

PROLOGUE.

Words (When the Poet wou'd your Souls engage)
Are the mere Garniſh of an idle Stage.
When Paſſion rages, Eloquence is mean;
Geſtures and Looks beſt ſpeak the moving Scene.
Ye ſhining Fair! whom tender Woes invite
To pleaſing Anguiſh, and ſevere Delight,
By your affliction you compute your Gain,
And riſe in Pleaſure as you riſe in Pain.
If then juſt Objects of Concern are ſhown,
And your Hearts heave with Sorrows not your own;
Let not the generous Impulſe be withſtood,
Strive not with Nature, bluſh not to be good:
Sighs only from a noble Temper riſe,
And 'tis your Virtue ſwells into your Eyes.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

BUSIRIS, King of EGYPT,
MYRON, the Prince,
NICANOR, Father to MANDANE,
MEMNON,
RAMESES,
SYPHOCES, } Conſpirators.
PHERON,
AULETES,

WOMEN.

MYRIS, Queen of EGYPT,
MANDANE,

SCENE, *MEMPHIS* in old ÆGYPT.

BRITISH MUSEUM 8 MR 1921

BUSI-

BUSIRIS.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

SCENE, *A Temple in* Memphis.

Enter PHERON and SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

IF Glorious Structures and immortal Deeds
Enlarge the Thought, and ſet our Souls on fire,
My Tongue has been too cold in *Egypt*'s Praiſe,
The Queen of Nations, and the Boaſt of Times,
Mother of Science, and the Houſe of Gods!
Scarce can I open wide my labouring Mind
To comprehend the vaſt Idea, big
With Arts and Arms, ſo boundleſs in their Fame.
Pher. Thrice happy Land! did not her dreadful King,
Far fam'd *Buſiris*, whom the World reveres,
Lay all his ſhining Wonders in Diſgrace,
By Cruelty and Pride.
Syph. By pride indeed:
He calls himſelf the *Proud*, and glories in it,
Nor would Exchange for *Jupiter*'s *Almighty*.
Have we not ſeen him ſhake his ſilver Reins,
O'er harneſs'd Monarchs, to his Chariot yok'd?
In ſullen Majeſty they ſtalk along,
With Eyes of Indignation and Deſpair;
While he aloft diſplays his impious State,

With half their rifled Kingdoms o'er his Brow,
Blazing to Heaven in Diamonds and Gold.

Pher. Nor leſs the Tyrant's Cruelty than Pride;
His horrid Altars ſtream with human Blood,
And Piety is Murder in his Hands.

[*A great Shout.*

Syph. There roſe the voice of twice two hundred thou-
And broke the Clouds, and clear'd the face of day; (ſand
The King who from this Temple's Airy Height,
With Heart dilated that great Work ſurveys,
Which ſhall proclaim what can be done by Man,
Has ſtruck his Purple Streamer, and deſcends.

Pher. Twice ten long years have ſeen that haughty Pile
Which Nations with united Toil advance,
Gain on the Skies, and labour up to Heaven.

Syph. The King — or proſtrate fall, or diſappear.

(*Exeunt.*

Enter Buſiris *Attended.*

Buſ This ancient City, *Memphis* the renown'd,
Almoſt co-æval with the Sun himſelf,
And boaſting Strength ſcarce ſooner to decay,
How wanton ſits ſhe amidſt Nature's Smiles,
Nor from her higheſt Turret has to view,
But Golden Landſkips, and luxuriant Scenes,
A Waſte of Wealth, the Store-Houſe of the World!
Here fruitful Vales far ſtretching, fly the Sight,
There, Sails unnumber'd whiten all the Stream,
While from the Banks full twenty thouſand Cities
Survey their Pride, and ſee their gilded Tow'rs
Float on the Waves, and break againſt the Shore:
To crown the whole, this riſing Pyramid (*Shews the Plan.*
Lengthens in Air, and ends among the Stars,
While every other Object ſhrinks beneath
Its mighty ſhade, and leſſens to the View,
As Kings compar'd with me.

Enter Auletes, *he falls proſtrate.*

Aul. O live for ever, *Buſiris*, firſt of Men!
Buſ. Auletes, Riſe.

Aul.

Aul. Ambaſſadors from various Climes arrive,
To view your Wonders, and to greet your Fame;
Each loaden with the Gifts his Country yields,
Of which the meaneſt riſe to Gold and Pearl:
The rich *Arabian* fills his ample Vaſe
With ſacred incenſe; *Ethiopia* ſends
A thouſand Courſers fleeter than the Wind;
And their black Riders darken all the Plain:
Camels and Elephants from other Realms,
Bending beneath a Weight of Luxury,
Bring the beſt Seaſons of their various Years,
And leave their Monarchs poor.

Buſ. What from the *Perſian*?

Aul. He bends before your Throne, and far out-weighs
The reſt in Tribute, and out-ſhines in State.

Buſ. Away, he ſees me not, I know his Purpoſe,
A Spy upon my Greatneſs, and no Friend:
Take his Ambaſſador, and ſhew him *Egypt*,
In *Memphis* ſhew him various Nations met,
As in a Sea, yet not confin'd in Space,
But ſtreaming freely thro' the ſpacious Streets,
Which ſend forth Millions at each brazen Gate,
When e'er the Trumpet calls; high over head
On the broad Walls the Chariots bound along
And leave in Air a Thunder of my own:
Jove too has pour'd the *Nile* into my Hand,
The Prince of Rivers, Ocean's eldeſt Son:
Rich of myſelf, I make the fruitful Year,
Nor aſk precarious plenty from the ſky ——
Throw all my Glories open to his View,
Then tell him, in Return for Trifles offer'd,
I give him *This*; and when a *Perſian* Arm [*Gives him a*
Can thus with Vigour its Reluctance bend, (*Bow.*
And to the Nerve its ſtubborn Force ſubdue,
Then let his Maſter think of Arms —— but bring
More Men than yet e'er pour'd into the Field;
Mean time thank Heaven our Tide of Conqueſt drives
A different way, and leaves him ſtill a King:
This to the *Perſian* ——— I receive the reſt,
And give the World an Anſwer. *Ex.* Buſiris.

Man-

Mandane, *attended by Prieſts and her Virgins, is ſeen ſacrificing at a Diſtance.*
An Hymn to Iſis *is ſung, the Prieſts go out.*

Mandane, *attended by her Maids, advances.*

Mand. My Morning Duty to the Gods is over,
Yet ſtill this Terror hangs upon my Soul
And ſaddens every Thought —— I ſtill behold
The dreadful Image, ſtill the threat'ning Sword
Points at my Breaſt, and glitters in mine Eye. ——
But 'twas a Dream, no more. My Virgins leave me.
And thou, great Ruler of the World, be preſent!
O kindly ſhine on this important Hour!
This Hour determines all my future Life,
And gives it up to Miſery or Joy. (*She advances.*
Theſe lonely Walks, this deep, and ſolemn Gloom,
Where Noon-day Suns but glimmer to the View,
This Houſe of Tears and Manſion of the Dead,
For ever hides him from the hated Light,
And gives him Leave to groan.

Back Scene draws and ſhews Memnon *leaning on his Father's Tomb.*

Was ever Scene
So mournful! If, my Lord, the Dead alone
Are all your Care, Life is no more a Bleſſing.
How could you ſhun me for this diſmal Shade,
And ſeek from Love a Refuge in Deſpair?
Mem. Why haſt thou brought thoſe Eyes to this ſad place
Where darkneſs dwells and grief wou'd ſigh ſecure,
In welcome Horrors and beloved Night?
Thy Beauties drive the friendly Shades before them,
And light up Day even here. Retire, my Love,
Each joyful Moment I wou'd ſhare with thee,
My virtuous Maid, but I wou'd mourn alone.
Man. What have you found in me ſo mean, to hope
That, while you ſigh, my Soul can be at Peace?
Your Sorrows flow from your *Mandane's* Eyes.
Mem. Oh my *Mandane!*

Man.

Man. Wherefore turn you from me?
Have I offended or are you unkind?
Ah me! A Sight as Strange as pitiful!
From his big Heart o'ercharg'd with generous Sorrow,
See the Tide working upward to his Eye,
And ſtealing from him in large ſilent Drops,
Without his Leave! —— can thoſe Tears flow in vain?
Mem. Why will you double my Diſtreſs and make
My Grief my Crime, by diſcompoſing you? ——
And yet I can't forbear! Alas! my father!
That Name excuſes all; what is not due
To that great Name, which Life or Death can pay?
Man. Speak on, and eaſe your labouring Breaſt, it ſwells,
And ſinks again, and then it ſwells ſo high,
It looks as it would break. I know 'tis big
With ſomething you wou'd utter: Oft in vain
I have preſum'd to aſk your mournful Story;
But ever have been anſwer'd with a frown.
Mem. Oh my *Mandane*! did my Tale concern
My ſelf alone, it wou'd not lie conceal'd;
But 'tis wrapt up in Guilt, in Royal Guilt,
And therefore 'tis unſafe to touch upon it.
To tell my tale is to blow off the Aſhes
From ſleeping Embers, which will riſe in flames,
At the leaſt Breath, and ſpread Deſtruction round.
But thou art faithful, and my other ſelf;
And oh! my Heart this Moment is ſo full,
It burſts with its Complaints; and I muſt ſpeak.
Myris the preſent Queen, was only Siſter
Of great *Artaxes*, our late Royal Lord:
Buſiris, who now reigns was firſt of Males
In lineal Blood, to which this Crown deſcends,
(Not with long Circumſtance to load my Story)
Ambitious *Myris* fir'd his daring Soul,
And turn'd his Sword againſt her Brother's Life;
Then mounting to the Tyrant's Bed and Throne,
Enjoy'd her Shame, and triumph'd in her Guilt.
Man. So black a Story well might ſhun the Day.
Mem. Artaxes, Friends (a virtuous Multitude)
Were ſwept away by Baniſhment or Death
In Throngs, and ſated the devouring Grave,

My

My Father —— think, *Mandane*, on your own,
And pardon me! (*Weeps.*
The Tyrant took me, then of tender Years,
And rear'd me with his Son (a Son ſince dead)
He vainly hop'd, by ſhews of guilty Kindneſs,
To wear away the Blackneſs of his Crime,
And reconcile me to my Father's Fate;
Hence have I long been forc'd to ſtay my Vengeance,
To ſmooth my Brow with Smiles and curb my Tongue,
While the big Woe lies throbbing at my Heart.

Enter Pheron *at a Diſtance.*

Pher. So cloſe! ſo loving! here I ſtand unſeen,
And watch my Rival's Fate. (*Aſide.*
Mem. But thou, my Fair,
Thou art my Peace in Tumult, Life and Death,
Thou yet can'ſt make me bleſt.
Man. As how, my Lord?
Mem. Ah, why wilt thou inſult me?
Man. Memnon——
Mem. Speak.
Man. Nature forbids, and when I wou'd begin,
She ſtifles all my Spirits, and I faint:
My Heart is breaking, but I cannot Speak.
Oh let me fly ——
Mem. You pierce me to the Soul. (*Holding her.*
Man. O ſpare me for a Moment, till my Heart
Regains its wonted Force; and I will ſpeak ——
Pheron, you know, is daily urgent with me,
Breaks thro' Reſtraints, and will not be refus'd.
(Pheron *ſhews a great Concern.*
Yet more, the Prince, the young impetuous Prince,
Before his Father ſent him forth to War,
And gave the *Mede* to his deſtructive Sword,
Has often taught his Tongue a ſilken Tale,
Deſcended from himſelf, and talk'd of Love.
Since laſt I ſaw thee, his licentious Paſſion
Has haunted all my Dreams.——
This Day the Court ſhines forth in all its Luſtre,

To

To welcome her returning Warrior home;
Alas, the Malice of our Stars!
Mem. To place it
Beyond the Power of Fate to part our Loves,
Be this our bridal Night, my Life!—my Soul! (*Embr.*
Pher. Perdition ſeize them both! and have I lov'd
So long to catch her in another's Arms!—
Another's Arms for ever! Oh the Pang!
Heart-piercing Sight!—but Rage ſhall take its Turn,
It ſhall be ſo—and let the Crime be his
Who drives me to the black Extremity;
I fear no farther Hell than that I feel. (*Exit.*
Mem. Trembling I graſp thee, and my anxious Heart
Is ſtill in doubt if I may call thee mine.
Oh Bliſs too great! Oh painful Extaſie!
I know not what to utter.
Mand. Ah, my Lord!
What means this Damp, that comes athwart my Joy,
Chaſtiſing thus the Lightneſs of my Heart?
I have a Father, and a Father too,
Tender as Nature ever fram'd——His Will
Should be conſulted.—Should I touch his Peace,
I ſhould be wretched in my *Memnon*'s Arms.
Mem. Talk not of Wretchedneſs.
Mand. Alas! this Day
Firſt gave me Birth, and (which is ſtrange to tell)
The Fates e'er ſince, as watching its Return,
Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep
With ſomething Great, Extremes of Good or Ill.
Mem. Why ſhould we bode Misfortune to our Loves?
No, I receive thee from the Gods in Lieu
Of all that Happineſs they raviſh'd from me;
Fame, Freedom, Father, all return in thee;
Had not the Gods *Mandane* to beſtow,
They never would have pour'd ſuch Vengeance on me;
They meant me thee, and could not be ſevere.
Soon as Light's favourable Shades deſcend,
The holy Prieſt ſhall join our Hands for ever,
And Life ſhall prove but one long bridal Day;
Till then, in Scenes of Pleaſure loſe thy Grief,
Or ſtrike the Lute, or ſmile among the Flowers,

They'll

They'll sweeter smell, and fairer bloom for thee.——
Alas! I'm torn from this dear tender Side,
By weighty Reasons, and important Calls,
Nay, even by Love itself—I quit thee now,
But to deserve thee more. (*They embrace.*
Mand. Your Friends are here. (*Exit* Mand.
Mem. Excellent Creature! how my Soul pants for thee!
But other Passions now begin their Claim,
Doubt, and Disdain, and Sorrow, and Revenge,
With mingling Tumult tear up all my Breast:
Oh how unlike the Softnesses of Love!

Enter Syphoces.

Syph. Hail, worthy *Memnon.*
Mem. Welcome, my *Syphoces.*
And much I hope thou bring'st a bleeding Heart;
A Heart that bleeds for other's Miseries,
Bravely regardless of its own, tho' great,
That first of Characters.
Syph. And there's a second,
Not far behind, to rescue the distress'd,
Or die.
Mem. Yes, die; and visit those brave Men,
Who, from the first of Time, have bath'd their Hands
In Tyrant's Blood, and grasp'd their honest Swords
As Part of their own Being, when the Cause,
The public Cause demanded. Oh, my Friend!
How long shall *Egypt* groan in Chains? how long
Shall her Sons fall in Heaps, without a Foe?
No War, Plague, Famine, nothing but *Busiris*,
His People's Father! and the State's Defence!
Yet but a Remnant of the Land survives.
Syph. What Havock have I seen! have we not known
A Multitude become a Morning's Prey,
When troubled Rest, or a Debauch, has sour'd
The Monster's Temper? then, 'tis instant Death;
Then fall the brave and good, like ripen'd Corn
Before the sweeping Scythe; not the poor Mercy
To starve, and pine at Leisure in their Chains—
But what fresh Hope, that we receive your Summons
To meet you here this Morning?

Mem.

Mem. Know, *Syphoces*,
'Twas on this Day my warlike Father's Blood
So often laviſh'd in his Country's Cauſe,
And greatly ſold for Conqueſt, and Renown;
'Twas on this execrable Day it flow'd
On his own Pavement, in a peaceful Hour,
Smoak'd in the Duſt, and waſh'd a Ruffian's Feet.
This guilty Day returning, rouzes all
My ſmother'd Rage, and blows it to a Flame.
Where are our other Friends?

Syph. At Hand. *Rameſes*,
Laſt Night, when gentle Reſt o'er Nature ſpread
Her ſtill Command, and Care alone was waking,
Like a dumb, lonely, diſcontented Ghoſt,
Enter'd my Chamber, and approach'd my Bed;
With Burſts of Paſſion, and a Peal of Groans,
He recollects his godlike Brother's Fate;
The drunken Banquet, and the midnight Murder,
And urges Vengeance on the guilty Prince.
Such was the Fellneſs of his boiling Rage,
Methought the Night grew darker as he frown'd.

Mem. I know he bears the Prince moſt deadly Hate;
But this will enter deeper in his Soul, (*Shews a Letter.*
And rouze up Paſſions, which till now have ſlept:
Murder will look like Innocence to this.

Syph. How, *Memnon?*

Mem. This reminds me of thy Fate;
The Queen has courted thee with proffer'd Realms,
And ſought by Threats to bend thee to her Will;
She languiſhes, ſhe burns, ſhe waſtes away,
In fruitleſs Hopes, and dies upon thy Name.

Syph. Oh, fatal Love! which, ſtung by Jealouſy,
Expell'd a Life far dearer than mine own,
By curſed Poiſon—Ah, divine *Apame!*
And cou'd the Murd'reſs hope ſhe ſhou'd inherit
This Heart, and fill thy Place within theſe Arms?—
But Grief ſhall yield—Revenge, I'm wholly thine.

Mem. The Tyrant too, is wanton in his Age,
He ſhews, that all his Thoughts are not in Blood;
Love claims its Share; he envies poor *Rameſes*

The

The Softneſs of his Bed; and thinks *Amelia*
A Miſtreſs worthy of a Monarch's Arms.
Syph. But ſee, *Rameſes* comes, a ſullen Gloom
Scouls on his Brow, and marks him thro' the Duſk.

Enter Rameſes, Pheron, *and other Conſpirators.*

Mem. To what, my Friends, ſhall *Memnon* bid you
Welcome?
To Tombs, and melancholy Scenes of Death?
I have no coſtly Banquets, ſuch as ſpread [*To* Ram.
Prince *Myron*'s Table, when your Brother fell.
I have no gilded Roof, no gay Apartment,
Such as the Queen prepar'd for thee, *Syphoces*.
Yet be not diſcontent, my valiant Friends,
Buſiris reigns, and 'tis not out of Seaſon
To look on aught may mind us of our Fate:
His Sword is ever drawn, and furious *Myris*
Thinks the Day loſt, that is not mark'd with Blood.
Ram. And have we felt a Tyrant twenty Years,
Felt him as the raw Wound the burning Steel;
And are we murmuring out our midnight Curſes,
Drying our Tears in Corners, and complaining
Our Hands are forfeited. Gods! ſtrike them off.
No Hands we need to faſten our own Chains,
Our Maſters will do that; and we want Souls,
To raiſe them to an Uſe more worthy Men.
Mem. Ruffles your Temper at Offences paſt!
Here then, to ſting thee into Madneſs.
[*Gives the Letter*, Rameſes *reads.*
Ram. Oh!
Syph. See how the ſtruggling Paſſions ſhake his Frame.
Ram. My Boſom Joy, that crowns my happy Bed
With tender Pledges of our mutual Love,
Far dearer than my Soul! and ſhall my Wife,
The Mother of my little Innocents,
Be taken from us! torn from me! from mine!
Who live but on her Sight! and ſhall I hear
Her Cries for Succour, and not ruſh upon him?
My Infant hanging at the Neck upbraids me,
And ſtruggles with his little Arms to ſave her.

Theſe

These Veins have still some generous Blood in store,
The Dregs of those rich Streams his Wars have drain'd;
I'll giv't in Dowry with her.

Pher. Well resolv'd:
A tardy Vengeance shares the Tyrant's Guilt.

Ram. Let me embrace thee, *Pheron*, thou art brave,
And dost disdain the Coldness of Delay.
Curse on the Man that calls *Rameses* Friend,
And keeps his Temper at a Tale like this;
When Rage and Rancour are the proper Virtues,
And Loss of Reason is the Mark of Men.

Mem. Thus I've determin'd; when the midnight Hour
Lulls this proud City, and her Monarch dreams
Of humbled Foes, or his new Mistress' Love,
Then we will rush at once, let loose the Terrors
Of Rage pent in, and struggling twenty Years
To find a Vent, and at one dreadful Blow
Begin, and end the War.
A more auspicious Juncture cou'd not happen.
The *Persian*, who for Years has join'd our Counsels,
Stirr'd up the Love of Freedom, and in private
Long nurs'd that glorious Appetite with Gold,
This Morn with Transports snatch'd the wish'd Occasion
Of throwing his Resentment wide, and now
He frowns in Arms, and gives th' Event to Fate.

Ram. This Hand shall drag the Tyrant from the Throne,
And stab the royal Victim on this Altar.
[*Pointing to the Tomb.*

Mem. Oh, justly thought! Friends, cast your Eyes around,
All that most awful is, or great in Nature,
This solemn Scene presents; the Gods are here,
And here our fam'd Forefathers' sacred Tombs;
Who never brook'd a Tyrant in this Land.
Let us not act beneath the grand Assembly!
The slighted Altars tremble, and these Tombs
Send forth a Peal of Groans to urge us on.
Come then, surround my Father's Monument,
And call his Shade to witness to your Vows.

Ram.

Ram. Nor his alone. Oh, all ye mighty Dead!
Illuſtrious Shades! Who nightly ſtalk around
The Tyrant's Couch, and ſhake his guilty Soul:
Whether already you converſe with Gods,
Or ſtray below in melancholy Glooms,
From Earth, from Air, from Heaven, and even Hell,
Come, I conjure you, by the Priſoner's Chain,
The Widow's Sighing, and the Orphan's Tears,
The Virgin's Shrieks, the Hero's ſpouting Veins,
By Gods blaſphem'd, and free-born Men enſlav'd.
Mem. Hear, *Jove*, and you moſt injur'd Heroes, hear,
While we o'er this thrice hallow'd Monument
Thus join our Hands, and, kneeling to the Gods,
Faſt bind our Souls to great Revenge!
All. We ſwear. ———
Mem. This Night the Tyrant and his Minions bleed,
And Flames ſhall lay thoſe Palaces in Duſt,
Whoſe gilded Domes now glitter in the Sun.
Pher. So now my Foe is taken in the Toil,
And I've a ſecond Caſt for this proud Maid—
It is an Oath well ſpent, a Perjury
Of good Account in Vengeance, and in Love. [*Aſide.*
Mem. We wrong the mighty Dead, if we permit
Our Eyes alone to count this grand Aſſembly,
A thouſand unſeen Heroes walk among us;
My Father riſes from his Tomb, his Wounds
Bleed all afreſh, and conſecrate the Day;
He waves his Arm, and chides our tardy Vengeance.
More than this World ſhall thank us. O, my Friends!
Such our Condition, we have nought to loſe,
And great may be our Gain, if this be great,
To cruſh a Tyrant, and preſerve a State.
To ſtill the Clamours of our Fathers Blood,
To fix the Baſis of the Public Good,
To leave a Fame eternal, then to ſoar,
Mix with the Gods, and bid the World adore.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

A magnificent Throne discovered, and several Courtiers walking to and fro.

Enter Syphoces *and* Rameses. *Shouts at a distance.*

Ram. WHat means this Dust, and Tumult in the Court,
These Streamers fooling in the Wind, these Shouts;
The Tyrant blazing in full Insolence,
And all his gawdy Courtiers basking round him
Like poisonous Vermin in a Dog-day Sun?
Syph. Your Father and Prince *Myron* are arriv'd,
And with one Peal of Joy the Nation rings.
Ram. Long has my Father serv'd this tyrant King
With Zeal well worthy of a better Cause;
Though with his Helm he hides a hoary Brow,
Long vers'd in Death, the Father of the Field,
At the shrill Trumpet, he throws off the Weight
Of fourscore Years, and springs upon the Foe.
The Transport, Danger gives him, conquers Nature,
And a short Youth boils up within his Veins.
Syph. Behold, this Way they pass to meet the King.
Myron *and* Nicanor *pass the Stage with Attendants.*
Ram. What Pity 'tis that one so lost in Guilt,
Should thus engage the Sight with manly Charms,
And make Vice lovely? [*Looking on* Myron.
Syph. Pardon me, *Rameses:*
Though to my Foe, I must be ever just.
He's generous, grateful, affable, and brave:

But

But then he knows no Limit to his Paſſion;
The Tempeſt-beaten Bark is not ſo toſs'd,
As is his Reaſon, when thoſe Winds ariſe;
And tho' he draws a fatal Sword in Battle,
And kindles in the warm purſuit of Fame,
Pleaſure ſubdues him quite, the ſparkling Eye,
And generous Bowl bear down his graver Mind,
While fiery Spirits dance along his Veins,
And keep a conſtant Revel in his Heart.

Ram. But hear, the Tyrant comes!—with what Exceſs
Of idle Pride will he receive his Son?
How with big Words will he ſwell out this Conqueſt,
And into Grandeur puff his little Tales.

Enter King *and aſcends the Throne; on the other Side enter* Myron *and* Nicanor.

King. Welcome, my Son, great Partner of my Fame,
I thank thee for th' Increaſe of my Dominions.
That now more Mountains riſe, more Rivers flow;
And more Stars ſhine in my ſtill growing Empire.
The Sun himſelf ſurveys it not at once,
But travels for the View, whilſt far disjoin'd,
My Subjects live unheard of by each other;
Theſe wrap'd in Shades, while thoſe enjoy the Light;
Their Day is various, but their King the ſame.

Myr. Here, Sir, your Thanks are due: to this old Arm,
Whoſe Nerves not threeſcore Winter Camps unbend,
You owe your Victory, and I my Life.
When my fierce Courſer, with a Javelin ſtung,
Firſt rear'd in Air, then tearing with a Bound
The trembling Earth, plung'd deep amidſt the Foe
And now a thouſand Deaths from every Side;
Had but one Mark, and on my Buckler rung;
Through the throng'd Legions like a Tempeſt ruſh'd
This Friend, o'er gaſping Heroes, rolling Steeds,
And ſnatch'd me from my Fate.

Buſ. I thank thee, General,
Thou haſt a Heart that ſwells with Loyalty,
And throws off the Infection of theſe Times;
But thy degenerate Boy ———

Nic.

Nic. No more my Son,
I cut him off, my Guilt, my Puniſhment,
Look not, dread Sir, on me through his Offence:
Oh let not that diſcolour all my Service,
And ruin thoſe who blame him for his Crime!
Buſ. Old Man, I will not wear the Crown in vain.
Subjects ſhall work my Will, or feel my Pow'r,
Their Diſobedience ſhall not be my Guilt;
Who is their Welfare, Glory, and Defence?
The Land that yields them Food, and every Stream
That ſlakes their Thirſt, the Air they breathe is mine.
And is Concurrence to their own Enjoyment,
By due Submiſſion, a too great Return?
Death and Deſtruction are within my Call ——
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in thy Maſter's Smile.
A faithful Miniſter adorns my Crown,
And throws a brighter Glory round my Brow.
Nic. Take but one more, one ſmall one to your Favour,
And then my Soul's at Peace—I have a Daughter,
An only Daughter, now an only Child,
Since her loſt Brother's Folly; ſhe deſerves
The moſt a Father can for ſo much Goodneſs:
Her Mother's dead; and we are left alone,
We two are the whole Houſe, nor are we two,
In her I live, the Comfort of my Age;
And if the King extends his Grace ſo far,
And take that tender Bloſſom into Shelter,
Then I have all my Monarch can beſtow,
Or Heav'n it ſelf, but this, that I may wear
My Life's poor Remnant out in your Command;
Stretch forth my Being to the laſt in Duty,
And when the Fates ſhall ſummon, die for you.
Buſ. Nicanor, know, thy Daughter is our Care.
Myr. Oh, Sir, be greatly Kind, exert your Pow'r,
And with the Monarch furniſh out the Friend!——
Art thou not he, that gallant minded Chief, [*To* Nicanor.
Who would not ſtoop to give me leſs than Life?
And ſhall I prove ungrateful? Shocking Thought;
He that's ungrateful has no Guilt but one,
All other Crimes may paſs for Virtues in him.

Nic.

Nic. What joy my Daughter's promis'd Welfare gives me,
My Lips I need not open to diſcover——
Thus humbly let me thank you.

Buſ. Dry thy Tears,
And follow us; thy Daughter's near our Queen,
And longs, no Doubt, to ſee thee; bleſs the Maid,
And then attend us on Affairs of State.——
I hear there's Treaſon near us; though the Slaves
Fall off from their Obedience, and deny
That I'm their Monarch, I'm *Buſiris* ſtill.
Collected in my ſelf, I'll ſtand alone,
And hurl my Thunder, tho' I ſhake my Throne:
Like Death, a ſolitary King I'll reign,
O'er ſilent Subjects, and a deſart Plain:
E're brook their Pride; I'll ſpread a general Doom,
And every Step ſhall be from Tomb to Tomb. [*Exit.*

Myr. *and* Aul. *who talk'd aſide, advance.*

Myr. Her abſent Beauties glow'd upon my Mind,
And ſparkled in each Thought. She never left me——
Wou'dſt thou believe it? in the Field of Battle,
In the mid Terror and the Flame of Fight,
Mandane, thou haſt ſtol'n away my Soul,
And left my Fame in Danger——my rais'd Arm
Has hung in Air; forgetful to deſcend,
And for a Moment ſpar'd the proſtrate Foe.——
Oh that her Birth roſe equal to my own!
Then I might wed with Honour, and enjoy
A lawful Bliſs——and why not now? methinks
Abſence has plac'd her in a fairer Light,
Enrich'd the Maid, and heighten'd every Charm.

Aul. She comes.

Myr. That modeſt Grace ſubdu'd my Soul,
That Chaſtity of Look, which ſeems to hang
A Veil of pureſt Light o'er all her Beauties,
And by forbidding, moſt enflames Deſire.

Enter Mandane.

What tender Force! what Dignity divine!
What Virtue conſecrating every Feature!
Around that Neck, what Droſs are Gold and Pearl!
Mandane! powerful Being! whoſe firſt Sight

Gives

Gives me a Tranſport not to be expreſs'd;
And with one Moment over pays a Year
Of Danger, Toil and Death, and Abſence from thee.
Mand. My Lord, I ſought my Father.
Myr. Leave me not,
I've much to ſay, much more than you conceive;
Yes, by the gods much more than I can utter.
My Breath is ſnatch'd, I tremble, I expire. [*Aſide.*
Nay, here I'll offer tender Violence —— *Takes her Hand.*
May I not breathe my Soul upon this Hand,
When your Eyes triumph, and inſult my Pain?
Permit me here to take a ſmall Revenge.
Mand. My Lord, I am not conſcious of my Fault.
Myr. 'Tis falſe—I know the Language of thoſe Eyes,
They uſe me ill—ſee my Heart beat, *Mandane*;
Believe not me, but tell yourſelf my paſſion—
Is it in Art to counterfeit within?
To drive the Spirits, and inflame the Blood?
Each Nerve is pierc'd with Lightning from your Eye,
And every Pulſe is in the Throbs of Love.
Mand. My Lord, my Duty calls, I muſt not ſtay.
Myr. Give me a Moment; I have that to ſpeak
Will burſt me, if ſuppreſt —— oh heavenly Maid!
Thy Charms are doubled; ſo is thy Diſdain ——
Who is it? tell me who enjoys thy Smile?
There is a happy Man; I ſwear there is;
I know it by your coldneſs to your Friend ——
That Thought has fix'd a Scorpion on my Heart,
That ſtings to Death —— and is it poſſible
You ever ſpoke of *Myron* in his Abſence,
Or caſt, at Leiſure, a light Thought that Way?
Mand. I thought of you, my Lord, and of my Father,
And pray'd for your Succeſs; nor muſt I now
Neglect to give him Joy.
Myr. Yet ſtay, you ſhall not go—ungrateful Woman!
I would not wrong your Father; but by Heaven,
His Love is Hatred, if compar'd with mine.
I underſtand whence this Unkindneſs flows;
Your Heart reſents ſome Licence of my Youth,
When Love had touch'd my Brain. You may forgive me,
Becauſe I never ſhall forgive my ſelf;

But that you live, I'd ruſh upon my Sword:
If you forgive me, I ſhall now approach,
Not as a Lover only, but a Wretch
Redeem'd from Baſeneſs to the Ways of Honour,
And to my Paſſion join my Gratitude:
Each Time I kneel before you, I ſhall riſe
As well a better, as a happier Man,
Indebted to your Virtue, and your Love.

Mand. I muſt not hear you.

Myr. Oh torment me not!
Hear me you muſt, and more —— your Father's Valour,
In the late Battle, reſcu'd me from Death:
And how ſhall I be grateful! —— thou'rt a Princeſs; —
Think not, *Mandane*, this a ſudden Start,
A Flaſh of Love that kindles and expires:
Long have I weigh'd it, ſince I parted hence,
No Night has paſs'd, but this has broke my Reſt,
And mix'd with every Dream. My Fair, I wed thee
In the matureſt Counſel of my Soul.

Mand. Oh Gods! I tremble at the riſing Storm;
[*Aſide.*
Where can this end?

Myr. And do you then deſpiſe me?

Mand. My Lord, I want the Courage to accept
What far tranſcends my Merit, and for ever
Muſt ſilently upbraid my little Worth.

Myr. Have I forſook my ſelf, foregone my Temper
Headlong to all the gay Delights of Youth,
And fall'n in Love with Virtue moſt ſevere?
Turn'd ſuperſtitious, to make thee my Friend?
Gods! have I ſtruggled thro' the pow'rful Reaſons
That ſtrongly combated my fond Reſolves,
Was Wealth o'erlook'd, and Glory of no Weight,
My Parent's Crown forgot, and my own Conqueſts,
And all to be refus'd: to ſooth your Pride,
And make my Rival ſport?

Mand. With Patience hear me —— [*Kneels.*
Nor let my Truſt in *Myron* prove my Ruin.

Myr. Diſtraction! art thou marry'd?

Mand. Oh! ——

Myr.

Myr. My Heart foretold it.—— ah my ſoul! *Auletes.*

[*Swoons.*

Aul. Madam, 'tis prudent in you to withdraw

(*Exit* Mand.

Myr. I do not live!—I cannot bear the Light!
Where is *Mandane*: but I would not know.
She is not mine—— yet tho' not mine in Love,
Revenge, my juſt Revenge may overtake her.
O how I hate her! let me know her Faults:
Did the proud Maid inſult me in Diſtreſs?
And ſmile to ſee me gaſping? ſpeak, *Auletes.*
Did ſhe not Sigh? ſure ſhe might pity me,
Though all her Love is now another's Right.

Aul. She ſigh'd, and wept; but I remov'd her from you.

Myr. It was well done—yet I could gaze for ever.
And did ſhe Sigh? and did ſhe drop a Tear?
The Tears ſhe ſhed for me, are ſurely mine;
And ſhall another dry them on thoſe Cheeks,
And make them an Excuſe for greater Fondneſs?
Shall I aſſiſt the Villain in his Joys?
No, I'll tear her from him,——
I'd grudge her Beauties to the Gods that gave them.

Aul. My Lord, have Temper.

Myr. And another's Paſſion,
Warm on that Lip! another's burning Arms
Strain'd round the lovely Waiſt, for which I die,
And ſhe conſenting, wooing, growing to him!
What golden Scenes, when abſent, did I feign?
What lovely Pictures did I draw in Air?
What Luxury of Thought! and ſee my Fate!
Shall then my Slave enjoy her? and I languiſh
In my triumphal Car, my foot on Purple,
And o'er my Head a Canopy of Gold,
Fate in my Nod, and Monarchs in my Train?
What if I ſtab him? No.——ſhe will not wed
His murderer.——I never form'd a Wiſh,
But full Fruition taught me to forget it.
And am I leſſen'd by my late Succeſs?
And have I loſt by Conqueſt? fly, *Auletes*,
And tell her———

Aul. What, my Lord?

Myr. No, bid her ——

Aul. Speak.

Myr. I know not what—my Heart is torn asunder.

Aul. Retire, my Lord, and re-compose your self,
The Queen approaches——ha! her Bosom swells.

[*Exit* Myron.

Here pale Lips tremble, a disorder'd Haste
Is in her Steps; her Eyes shoot gloomy Fires.
When *Myris* is in Anger, happy they!
She calls her Friends.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Auletes, Where's the King?

Aul. At Council, Madam.

Queen. Let him know I want him.

[*Exit* Auletes.

Base! to forget to whom he owes a Crown!
Fool! to provoke her Rage whose Hand is red
In her own Brother's Blood!

——

Enter King *and* Pheron.

King. Horrid Conspiracy!

Pher. This Night was destin'd for the bloody Deed.

King. Mistaken Villains! if they wish my Death,
They should in Prudence lay their Weapons by,
So jealous are the Gods of *Egypt*'s Glory,
I cannot die whilst Slaves are arm'd against me.
Haste, *Pheron*, to the Dungeon, plunge them down,
Far from the Hopes of Day, there let them lye
Banish'd this world, while, yet alive, and groan
In Darkness and in Horror,——let double Chains
Consume the Flesh of *Memnon*'s loaded Limbs,
Till Death shall knock them off——a King's thy Friend;
Nay more, *Busiris*.—Go, let that suffice.— [*Exit* Pher.

Queen. My Lord, your Thought's engag'd.

King. Affairs of State
Detain'd me from my Queen.

Queen. The World may wait;
I've a Request, my Lord.

King.

King. Oblige me with it.
Queen. Will you comply?
King. My Queen, my Pow'r is your's.
Queen. Your Queen?
King. My Queen.
Queen. Indeed, it ſhould be ſo.——
Then ſign theſe Orders for *Amelia*'s Death.——
He ſtarts, turns pale, he's ſinking into Earth.
Enough, be gone, and fling thee at her Feet;
Doat on my Slave, and ſue to her for Mercy:
Go, pour forth all the Folly of thy Soul;
But bear in Mind, thou giv'ſt not of thy own:
Thou giv'ſt that Kindneſs which I bought with Blood,
Nor ſhall I loſe unmov'd.
King. I wiſh, my Queen,
This ſtill had ſlept a Secret for thy Sake;
But ſince thy reſtleſs Jealouſy of Soul
Has been ſo ſtudious of its own Diſquiet;
Support it as you may——I own I've felt
Amelia's Charms, and think them worth my Love.
Queen. And dar'ſt thou bravely own it too? oh inſult!
Forgetful Man! 'tis I then owe a Crown!
Thou had'ſt ſtill grovell'd in the lower world,
And view'd a Throne at Diſtance; had not I
Told thee thou waſt a Man, and (dreadful Thought!)
Thro' my own Brother cut thy Way to Empire:
But thou might'ſt well forget a Crown beſtow'd;
That Gift was ſmall. I liſten'd to thy Sighs,
And rais'd thee to my Bed.
King. I thank you for it.
The Gifts you made me were not caſt away;
I underſtand their Worth; Huſband and King
Are Names of no mean Import, they riſe high
Into Dominion, and are big with Power.——
Whate'er I was, I now am King of *Egypt*,
And *Myris*' Lord.
Queen. I dream! art thou *Buſiris*?
Buſiris, that has trembled at my Feet,
And art thou now my *Jove* with clouded Brow,
Diſpenſing Fate, and looking down on *Myris*?
Do'ſt thou derive thy Spirit from thy Crimes?

'Cauſe thou haſt wrong'd me, therefore do'ſt thou threaten
And roll thine Eye in Anger? rather bend,
And ſue for Pardon. —— oh deteſtable!
Burn for a Stranger's Bed.

King. And what was mine?
When *Myris* firſt vouchſaf'd to ſmile on me?

Queen. Diſtraction! Death! upbraided for my Love!—
Thou art not only criminal, but baſe.
Mine was a godlike Guilt, Ambition in it,
Its Foot in Hell, its Head above the Clouds;
For know, I hated when I moſt careſs'd:
'Twas not *Buſiris*, but the Crown that charm'd me,
And ſent its ſparkling Glories to my Heart;
But thou can'ſt ſoil thy Diadem with Slaves.

King. Sypboces is a King then.

Queen. Ha!

King. Let fair *Amelia* know the King attends her. [*Exit.*

Queen. Go, Tyrant, go, and wiſely by thy Shame,
Prepare thy Way to Ruin, I'll o'ertake thee,
Living or dead; if dead, my Ghoſt ſhall riſe,
Shriek in thy Ears, and ſtalk before thine Eyes.
In Death I'll triumph o'er my Rival's Charms,
And chill thy Blood, when claſp'd within her Arms;
Alone to ſuffer is beneath the Great;
Tyrant, thy Torments ſhall ſupport my State. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The General's Houſe.*

Enter the KING.

King. HERE dwells my ſtubborn Fair, I'll ſooth her Pride,
And lay an humbled Monarch at her Feet.

But

But let her well conſider; if ſhe's ſlow
To welcome Bliſs, and dead to Glory's Charms,
Then my Reſentment riſes in Proportion
To this high Grace extended to my Slave,
And turns the Force of her own Charms againſt her:
Monarchs may court, but cannot be deny'd.

Enter the Queen *veil'd.*

Amelia, dry thy Tears, and lay aſide
That melancholy Veil ——— ha, *Myris!*

Queen. Myris!

A Name that ſhould like Thunder ſtrike thine Ear,
And make thee tremble in this guilty Place:
But wherefore do'ſt thou think I meet thee here,
Not with mean Sighs, and deprecating Tears,
To humble me before thee, and increaſe
The Number of thy Slaves, in hope to break
Thy Reſolution, and avert thy Crime;
But to denounce, if thou ſhalt dare perſiſt,
The Vengeance due to injur'd Heav'n, and me;
And by this Warning double thy Offence:
Think, think of Vengeance, 'tis the only Joy
Which thou haſt left me: I'm no more thy Wife,
Nor Queen; but know I am a Woman ſtill.

Enter Auletes.

Aul. May all the Gods watch o'er your Life and Em-
And render Omens vain! ſo fierce the Storm, [pire,
Old *Memphis* from her deep Foundation ſhakes,
And ſuch unheard-of Prodigies hang o'er us,
As make the boldeſt tremble: See the Moon
Robb'd of her Light, diſcolour'd without Form,
Appears a bloody Sign, hung out by *Jove*
To ſpeak Peace broken with the Sons of Men:
The *Nile*, as frighted, ſhrinks within its Banks,
And as this Hour I paſt great *Iſis'* Temple,
A ſudden Flood of Light'ning ruſh'd upon it,
And laid the Shrine in Aſhes.

King. Oh mighty *Iſis!*
Why all theſe Signs in Nature? why this Tumult
To tell me I am Guilty? if my Crown
The Fates demand, why let them take it back.
My Crown indeed I may reſign; but oh!
Who can awake the Dead? ——————
'Tis hence theſe Spectres ſhock my midnight Thoughts,
And Nature's Laws are broke to diſcompoſe me;
'Tis I that hurl theſe Hurricanes in Air,
And ſhake the Earth's Foundations with my Guilt.
Oh *Myris*, give me back my Innocence?

Queen. I bought it with an Empire.

King. Cheaply ſold!
Why did'ſt thou urge my lifted Arm to ſtrike
The pious King, when my own Heart recoil'd?

Queen. Why did you yield when urg'd, and by a Woman;
You that are vain of your ſuperior Reaſon,
And ſwell with the prerogative of Man?
If you ſucceed, our Counſel is of nought;
You own it, not accepted, tho' enjoy'd;
But ſteal the Glory, and deny the Favour;
Yet if a fatal Conſequence attend,
Then we're the Authors, then your treach'rous Praiſe
Allows us Senſe enough to be condemn'd.

King. 'Tis prudent to diſſemble with her Fury,
And wait a ſofter Seaſon for my Love. [*Aſide.*
Bid *Iſis'* Prieſts attend their King's Devotions;
I'll ſooth with Sacrifice the angry Pow'rs;
Swift to my Dungeons, bid their darkſome Wombs
Give up the numerous Captives of my Wars,
Ten thouſand Lives to Heav'n devoutly pour,
Nor let the ſacred Knife grow cool from Blood,
'Till ſeven-fold *Nile* infected with the Stain,
In all his Streams flows Purple to the Main. [*Exit.*

Queen. Thin Artifice! I know the Sacrifice
You moſt intend——but I will daſh your Joys;
Thou, Victim, and thy Goddeſs both ſhall feel me.

Aul. Madam, the Prince.

Queen. And is he ſtill afflicted?

Aul. It grieves your faithful Servant to relate it;

He

He ſtruggles manfully; but all in vain;
Sometimes he calls in Muſick to his Aid,
He ſtrives with martial Strains to fire his Blood
And rouze his Soul to Battle ———
Then he relapſes into Love again,
Feeds the Diſeaſe, and doats upon his Ruin.

Queen. Why ſeeks he here the Cauſe of all his Sorrow?

Aul. He ſeeks not here *Mandane*, but her father;
For Friendſhip is the Balm of all our Cares,
Melts in the Wound, and ſoftens ev'ry Fate.

[*Martial Muſick.*

Enter Myron *at a Diſtance.*

Queen. Heav'ns! what a Glory blazes from his Eye!
What Force! what Majeſty in every Motion,
As at each Step he trod upon a Foe?

Myr. O that this Ardour wou'd for ever laſt!
It ſhall; nor will I curſe my Being more;
Chain'd Kings, and conquer'd Kingdoms are before me,
I'll bend the Bow, and launch the whiſtling Spear,
Bound o'er the Mountains, plunge into the Stream,
Where thickeſt Faulchions gleam, and Helmets blaze,
Ruſh in, and find Amuſement from my Pain.
I'll number my own Heart among my Foes,
And conquer it, or die. [*Exit.*

Queen. The Thoughts of War
Will ſoon diſlodge the fair One from his Breaſt ———
But this has broken in on my Intent ———
I wou'd remind thee of my late Commands.

Aul. Madam, 'tis needleſs to remind your Slave:
At dead of Night I'll ſet the Priſoners free.

Queen. Yes, ſet the Priſoners free,—'tis great Revenge.
Such as my Soul pants after—it becomes me.
Oh it will gall the Tyrant! ſtab him Home,
And if one Spark of Gratitude ſurvives,
Soften *Sypboces* to my fond Deſire.
The Tyrant's Torment is my only Joy,
Ye Gods! or let me periſh, or deſtroy,
Or rather both; for what has Life to boaſt
When Vice is taſteleſs grown, and Virtue loſt!

Glory and Wealth, I call upon in vain,
Nor Wealth nor Glory can appeaſe my Pain;
My every Joy upbraids me with my Guilt,
And Triumph tells me ſacred Blood is ſpilt. [*Exit* Queen.

Enter Myron.

Myr. The ſhining Images of War are fled,
The fainting Trumpets languiſh in mine Ear,
The Banner's furl'd, and all the ſprightly Blaze
Of burniſh'd Armour, like the ſetting Sun,
Inſenſibly is vaniſh'd from my Thought;
No Battles, Siege, or ſtorm, ſuſtain my Soul
In wonted Grandeur, and fill out my Breaſt;
But Softneſs ſteals upon me, melting down
My rugged Heart in Languiſhments and Sighs,
And pours it out at my *Mandane*'s Feet. ——
I ſee her even this Moment ſtand before me,
Too fair for Sight, and fatal to behold:
I have her here, I claſp her in my Arms;
And in the madneſs of exceſſive Love
Sigh out my Heart, and bleed with Tenderneſs.

Aul. My Lord, too much you cheriſh this Deluſion;
She is another's.

Myr. Do not tell me ſo.
Say rather ſhe is Dead; each heav'nly Charm
Turn'd into Horror! Oh the Pain of Pains
Is when the fair One, whom our Soul is fond of,
Gives Tranſport, and receives it from another! —
How does my Soul burn up with ſtrong Deſire,
Now ſhrink into itſelf! now blaze again!
I'll tear and rend the Strings that tye me to her;
If I ſtay longer here I am undone.

As he is going, enter Nicanor.

Nic. My Prince, and ſince ſuch Honours you vouchſafe,
My Friend, I have preſum'd upon your Favour;
This is my Daughter's birth Day, and this Night
I dedicate to Joys, which ever languiſh
If you refuſe to crown them with your Preſence.

Myr.

Myr. Nicanor, I was warm on other Thoughts.

Nic. I am ſtill near you in the Day of Danger,
In toilſome Marches, and the bloody Field,
When Nations againſt Nations claſh in Arms,
And Half a People in one Groan expire;
Why am I, with your Helmet thrown aſide,
Caſt off, and uſeleſs in the Hour of Peace?

Myr. Since then you preſs it, I muſt be your Gueſt.—
Methinks I labour as I onward move,
As under Check of ſome controuling Power. [*Aſide.*
What can this mean? wine may relieve my Thoughts,
And Mirth and Converſe lift my Soul again. [*Exeunt.*

The back Scene draws and ſhews a Banquet. Enter Mandane, *richly dreſs'd.*

Mand. It was this Day that gave me Life, this Day
Shou'd give much more, ſhou'd give me *Memnon* too;
But I am rival'd by his Chains, they claſp
The Hero round, (a cold unkind Embrace!)
And but an Earneſt of far worſe to come.
While he, my Soul, in dungeon Darkneſs clos'd,
Breathes damp unwholſome Steams, and lives on Poiſon,
I am compell'd to ſuffer Ornaments,
To wear the Rainbow, and to blaze in Gems,
To put on all the ſhining guilt of Dreſs,
When 'tis almoſt a Crime that I ſtill live.
Theſe Eyes, which can't diſſemble, pouring forth
The dreadful Truth, are honeſt to my Heart.
Theſe Robes, O *Memnon*, are *Mandane*'s Chains,
And load, and gall, and wring her bleeding Heart.
[*Exit* Mandane.

Enter Myron, Nicanor, *&c. They take their Places.*

Nic. Sound louder, ſound, and waft my Wiſh to Heaven.
Hear me, ye righteous Gods, and grant my Prayer,
For ever ſhine propitious on my Daughter,
Protect her, proſper her, and, when I am dead,
Still bleſs me in *Mandane*'s Happineſs. ———
[*The Bowl goes round. Muſic.*

Haſte,

Haſte, call my Daughter; none ſhall taſte of Joy,
Till ſhe, the Miſtreſs of the Feaſt, is with us.
[*A Servant brings* Nicanor *a Letter; he reads it.*
The King's Commands at any Hour are welcome.
Myr. Not leave us, General?
Nic. Ha! the King here writes me,
The diſcontented Populace, that held
O'er midnight Bowls their deſperate Cabals,
Are now in bold Defiance to his Power,
Amid the Terrors of this ſtormy Night,
Even now they deluge all yon Weſtern Vale,
And form a War, impatient for the Day.
The ſpreading Poiſon, too, has caught his Troops,
And the revolting Soldiers ſtand in Arms,
Mix'd with ſeditious Citizens.
Myr. Your Call is great.

Enter Mandane. Myron *ſtarts from his Seat in Diſorder.*

Mand. Oh, *Memnon!* How ſhall I become a Banquet,
Suppreſs my Sorrow, and comply with Joy?
Severeſt Fate! am I denied to grieve? [*Aſide.*
Nic. Be comforted, my Child, I'll ſoon return.
Why doſt thou make me bluſh? I feel my Tears
Run trickling down my Cheeks.
Myr. I muſt away:
Her Smiles were dreadful, but her Tears are Death;
I can no more: I ſink beneath her Charms,
And feel a deadly Sickneſs at my Heart.
[*Aſide, to* Auletes.
Nic. Your Cheek is pale, I dare not let you part,
You are not well.——
Myr. A ſmall Indiſpoſition;
I ſoon ſhall throw it from me: Farewel, General;
Conqueſt attend your Arms.
Nic. You ſhall not leave
Your Servant's Roof; 'tis an unwholſome Air,
And my Apartment wants a Gueſt.
Myr. Nicanor,
If Health returns, I ſhall not preſs my Couch,

And

And hear of distant Conquests; but o'ertake thee,
And add new Terror to the Front of War.

Nic. Mean Time, you are a Guardian to my Child,
Let her not miss a Father in my Absence.
She's all my Soul holds dear.

Both. Farewel. Farewel. [*Embrace.*

Nicanor *waits on* Myron *off the Stage, and returns.*

Nic. My Child, I feel a Tenderness at Heart
I never felt before; come near, *Mandane*,
Let me gaze on thee, and indulge the Father.—
Thy dying Mother, with her clay-cold Hand,
Press'd mine, then turning on thee her faint Eye,
Let fall a Tear of Fondness, and expir'd.
I cannot love thee well enough; her Grace
Softens thy Cheek, and lives within thine Eye.
Let me embrace you both—my Heart o'erflows.—
If I should fall – thy Mother's Monument ———
But I shall kill thy Tenderness—— no more,
Nay, do not weep, I shall return again,
And with my dearest Child sit down in Peace,
And long enjoy her Goodness.

Mand. If the Gods
Regard your Daughter's fervent Vows, you will.

Nic. Farewel, my only Care, my Soul is with thee;
Regard your self, and you remember me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Myron *and* Auletes.

Myr. No Place can give me Ease, my restless Thought,
Like working Billows in a troubled Sea,
Tosses me to and fro, nor know I whither.
What am I, who, or where?—Ha! where indeed:
But let me pause, and ask my self again,
If I am well awake.– Impetuous Bliss!—
My Heart leaps up, my mounting Spirits blaze;
My Soul is in a Tempest of Delight!

Aul. My Lord, you tremble, and your Eyes betray
Strange Tumults in your Breast.

Myr. What Hour of Night?

Aule

Aul. My Lord, the Night's far ſpent.
Myr. The Gates are barr'd,
And all the Houſhold is compos'd to Reſt?
Aul. All, and the great *Nicanor*'s own Apartment,
Proud to receive a royal Gueſt, expects you.
Myr. Perdition on thy Soul for naming him.
Nicanor! Oh, I never ſhall ſleep more!
Defend me! Whither wander'd my bold Thoughts!
Broke looſe from Reaſon, how did they run mad!
And now they are come home, all arm'd with Stings,
And pierce my bleeding Heart. ——————
I beg the Gods to diſappoint my Crime,
Yet almoſt wiſh them deaf to my Deſire;
I long, repent; repent, and long again;
And every Moment differs from the laſt.
I muſt no longer parley with Deſtruction.
Auletes, ſeize me, force me to my Chamber,
There chain me down, and guard me from myſelf:
Hell riſes in each Thought, 'tis Time to fly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mandane *and* Rameſes.

Ram. I hope your Fears have given a falſe Alarm.
Mand. You've heard my frequent Viſions of the Night,
You know my Father's Abſence, *Myron*'s Paſſion;
Juſt now I met him, at my Sight he ſtarted;
Then with ſuch ardent Eyes he wander'd o'er me,
And gaz'd with ſuch Malignity of Love,
Sending his Soul out to me in a Look,
So fiercely kind, I trembled, and retir'd.
Ram. No more; my Friends (which, as I have informed you,
The Queen, to gall the Tyrant, has ſet free)
Are lodg'd within your Call; the appointed Signal,
If Danger threatens, brings them to your Reſcue.
Mand. Where are they?
Ram. In the Hall, beneath your Chamber:
Memnon alone is wanting; he's providing
For your Eſcape before the Morning Dawn;
The reſt in Vizors, fearing to be known,
Have ventur'd thro' the Streets for your Protection.

Mand.

Mand. Auſpicious Turn! then I again am happy.

Ram. Auſpicious Turn indeed! and what compleats
The Happineſs, the baſe Man that betray'd us,
This Arm laid low: I watch'd him from the King,
I took him warm, while he with lifted Brow
Confeſs'd high Thought, and triumph'd in his Mein:
I thank'd him, with my Dagger in his Heart.
'Tis late, refreſh yourſelf with Sleep, *Mandane.*

[*Exit* Mandane.

So, 'tis reſolv'd, if *Myron* dares attempt
So black a Crime, it juſtifies the Blow;
He dies, and my poor Brother's Ghoſt ſhall ſmile.
This Way he bends his Steps, I hate his Sight,
And ſhall, till Death has made it lovely to me. [*Exit.*

Enter Myron *and* Auletes.

Myr. Oh, how this Paſſion like a Whirlpool drives me,
With giddy, rapid Motion round and round,
I know not where, and draws in all my Soul!
I reaſon much; but reaſon about her;
And where ſhe is, all Reaſon dies before her,
And Arguments but tell me, I am conquer'd. ——
So black the Night, as if no Star e'er ſhone
In all the wide Expanſe; the Lightning's Flaſh
But ſhews the Darkneſs, and the burſting Clouds
With Peals of Thunder ſeem to rock the Land:
Not Beaſts of Prey dare now from Shelter roam,
But howl in Dens, and make the Foreſt groan,
What then am I? a Monſter yet more fell
Than haunts the Wilds.—I am, and threaten more!
My Breaſt is darker than this dreadful Night,
And feels a fiercer Tempeſt rage within. ——
I muſt—I will—this leads me to her Chamber ——
Did not the Raven croak? [*Starting.*

Aul. I hear her not.

Myr. By Heav'n, methinks Earth trembles under me,—
Awake, ye Furies, you're wanting to me;
O finiſh me in Ill, O take me whole;
Or, Gods, confirm me good, without Allay,
Nor leave me thus at Variance with myſelf;

Let

Let me not thus be dash'd from Side to Side. —
The old Man wept at parting, kneel'd before me,
Confided in me, gave her to my Care,
Nor long since sav'd my Life – and doubt I still?
I'm guilty of the Fact, here let me lie,
And rather groan for ever in the Dust,
And float the marble Pavement with my Tears,
Than rise into a Monster. [*Flings himself down.*

Mandane *passing at a Distance, speaks to a Servant.*

Mand. Well, observe me:
Before the rising Sun, my Lord arrives,
To seal our Vows, the holy Priest is with him;
Watch to receive them at the western Gate,
And privately conduct them to my Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Myr. starting up] Oh, Torment! Racks! and Flames!
then she expects him!
With open Arms! Am I cast out for ever,
For ever must despair, unless I snatch
The present Moment? She is all prepar'd,
Her Wishes waking, and her Heart on Fire!
That pow'rful Thought sweeps Heav'n and Hell before it,
And lays all open to the Prince of *Egypt*;
Born to enjoy whatever he desires,
And fling Fear, Anguish, and Remorse behind him.
I see her midnight Dress, her flowing Hair,
Her slacken'd Bosom, her relenting Mien;
All the forbidding Forms of Day flung off
For yielding Softness—oh, I'm all Confusion!
I shiver in each Joint! ah! she was made
To justify the blackest Crimes, and gild
Ruin and Death with her destructive Charms.

Aul. You'll force her then?

Myr. Thou Villain, but to think it.
No, I'll sollicit her with all my Pow'r,
Conquest and Crowns shall sparkle in her Sight;
If she consent, thy Prince is bless'd indeed,
Takes Wing, and tow'rs above Mortality:

If

If she resist, I'll put an End to Pain,
And lay my breathless Body at her Feet.

Mandane *passing at a Distance to her Chamber*, Myron *meets her.*

Mand. Is this well done, my Lord?
Myr. Condemn me not
Before you hear me; let this Posture tell you, [*Kneels.*
I'm not so guilty as perhaps your Fears,
Your commendable, modest Fears suspect:
Nay, do not go; you know not what you do;
I wou'd receive a Favour, not constrain it;
Return, or good *Nicanor*, best of Fathers,
Shall charge you with the Murder of his Friend.
Mand. And dare you then pronounce that sacred Name,
And yet persist! were you his mortal Foe,
What cou'd your Malice more?
Myr. Oh, fair *Mandane!*
I know my Fault, I know your Virtue too;
But such the Violence of my Disorder,
That I dare tempt even you: methinks that Guilt
Has something lovely, which proclaims your Power—
But touch me with your Hand, I die with Bliss.
Why swells your Eye? By Heav'n, I'd rather see
All Nature mourn, than you let fall a Tear.
I own I'm mad, but I am mad of Love:
You can't condemn me more, than I myself,
In that we are agreed; agree in all.
Condemn, but pity me; resent, but yield;
For oh, I burn, I rave, I die with Love!
Mand. Oh, Sir!
Myr. Nay, do not weep so, it will kill me;
This Moment, while I speak, my Eyes are darken'd,
I cannot see thee, and my trembling Limbs
Refuse to bear their Weight; all left of Life
Is that I love; If Love was in our Power,
The Fault were mine, since not, you must comply.
How godlike, to bestow more heav'nly Joys
Than you can think, and I support and live.

Mand.

Mand. Oh, how can you abuſe your ſacred Reaſon,
That particle of Heav'n, that Soul of *Jove*,
To varniſh o'er and paint ſo black a Crime!
Oh Prince! ———

Myr. What ſays *Mandane*?

Mand. Sir, obſerve me,
My burſting Sighs, and ever-ſtreaming Tears,
Your noble Nature has with pity ſeen;
But would they not work deeper in your Soul,
Were you convinc'd my Sorrows flow for you?
For you, my Lord, they flow, for I am Safe,
(I know you are ſurpriz'd) they flow for you?
Myron, my *Father's Friend*, my *Prince*, my *Gueſt* ——
Myron, my guardian God, attempts my Peace,
And need I further Reaſon for theſe Tears?
Nature affords no Object of concern
So great, as to behold a generous Mind,
Driv'n by a ſudden guſt, and daſh'd on Guilt ——
'Tis baſe; you ought not; 'tis impracticable;
You cannot——make Neceſſity your Choice;
Nor let one Moment of defeated Guilt,
Of fruitleſs Baſeneſs, overthrow the Glory
Your whole Illuſtrious Life has dearly bought
In toilſome Marches and in Fields of Blood.

Enter Auletes *and Servants.*

Aul. My Lord, your Life's beſet; the Room beneath
Is throng'd with Ruffians, which but wait the Signal
To ruſh, and ſheath their Daggers in your Heart.

Myr. Betray'd! curſt Sorcereſs, it was a Plot
Concerted by them all to take my Life,
And this the Bait to tempt me to the foil.
She dies———

Aul. No, firſt Enjoy, then Murder her———
Truſt to my Conduct, and you ſtill are Safe.
They all are maſk'd, I have my Vizor too,
But time is ſhort: for once conſide in me,
You, Sir, for Safety, fly to your Apartment; (*to the Prince.*
You bear *Mandane* to her Cloſet—you (*to Servants.*

Speed

Speed to the Southern Gate, and burſt it open.
(*As the Servants ſeize* Mandane, *ſhe gives the ſignal. She is borne off.*

Enter Rameſes *and Conſpirators maſk'd.*

Ram. The Villain fled? perdition intercept him!
Diſperſe, fly ſeveral ways, let each Man bear
A ſteady point well levell'd at his Heart;
If he eſcape us now, ſucceſs attend him;
May he for ever Triumph!

As they paſs the ſtage in Confuſion, Auletes *enters maſk'd among them.*

Aul. Ha! why halt you!
Purſue, purſue; e'en now I ſaw the Monſter,
The Villain *Myron*, with theſe Eyes I ſaw him,
Bearing his Prize ſwift to the Weſtern Gate:
There, there it burſt. (*A noiſe without.*
All. Away, purſue.
Aul. 'Tis done. (*Without.*
Advance the maſſey Bar, and all is ſafe;
Stand here and with your Lives defend the Paſs. *Exit.*

Enter Myron.

Myr. I ſhall at leaſt have time for Vengeance on her,
And then I care not if I die. Barbarians!
Their Swords are pointed at my Life! 'tis well!
But I will give them an excuſe for Murder;
Such, ſuch a Cauſe—off Love, and ſoft Compaſſion;
Harden each Sinew of my Heart to Steel:
I'll do, what done will ſhock myſelf, and thoſe,
Whom time ſets fartheſt from this dreadful Hour.

Enter Mandane, *forced in by* Auletes.

Mand. By all the Pow'rs that can Revenge a falſehood,
I'm innocent from any thoughts of Blood.

Myr.

Myr. Why then your Champions here in Arms? 'tis
False.

Mand. Ah let my Life ſuffice you for the Wrong,
You charge upon me! Oh my Royal Maſter!
My ſafety from all Ill! my great Defender!
Or did my Father but inſult my Tears,
And give me to your Care to ſuffer Wrong;
Kill me, but not your Friend, but not my Father;
He loves us both; and my ſevere Diſtreſs
Will ſcarce more deeply Wound him than your Guilt.

Myron *Walks paſſionately at a Diſtance.*

Myr. Slaves are you ſworn againſt me! ſtop her
voice,
And bear her to my Chamber.

Mand. Oh Sir! O *Myron!*
Behold my Tears —— here will I fix for ever ——
I'll claſp your Feet and grow into the Earth,
O cut me, hew me, —— give to every Limb
A ſeparate Death —— but ſpare my ſpotleſs Virtue,
But ſpare my Fame ——you wound to diſtant Ages ——
And thro' all time my Memory will Bleed.

Myr. Diſtraction all the pains of Hell are on me!

(*As Servants force in* Mandane.

Mand. Oh *Memnon!*—Oh my Lord!—my Life!—
Where art thou? (*She is borne off.*

Myron *expreſſes ſudden Paſſion and Surprize, ſtands a while in Aſtoniſhment, then ſpeaks.*

Myr. As many Accidents concur to Work
My Paſſions up to this unheard of Crime,
As if the Gods deſign'd it ——————be it then
Their Fault, not mine—*Memnon!* ſaid ſhe not *Memnon?*
My Heart began to ſtagger, but 'tis over——
Heav'n blaſt me if I thought it poſſible
I could be ſtill more curſt——that hated Dog,
Her Lord, her Life;——————I thank her for my Cure
Of all Remorſe and Pity: this has left me
Without a Check, and thrown the looſen'd Reins
On my wild Paſſion to ruſh head-long on;

And

And in her Ruin quench a double Fire,
The blended Rage of Vengeance and of Love.
Deſtruction full of Tranſport! lo I come,
Swift on the Wing to meet my certain Doom:
I know the Danger, and I know the Shame;
But like our Phœnix, in ſo rich a Flame
I plunge Triumphant my devoted Head,
And doat on Death in that luxurious Bed.

ACT. IV. SCENE. I.

Enter Myron *in the utmoſt Diſorder bare headed without Light, &c. Walks diſturbedly before he ſpeaks.*

Myr. HEncefoth let no Man truſt the firſt falſe ſtep
Of Guilt it hangs upon a precipice,
Whoſe ſteep Deſcent in laſt Perdition ends.
How far am I plung'd down beyond all Thought,
Which I this Evening fram'd!——but be it ſo,
Conſummate Horror! Guilt beyond a Name!
Dare not, my Soul, Repent; in thee Repentance
Were ſecond Guilt, and thou blaſphem'ſt juſt Heaven,
By hoping Mercy. Ah! my Pain will ceaſe
When Gods want Pow'r to Puniſh—ha! the dawn—
Riſe never more, O Sun! let Night prevail,
Eternal Darkneſs cloſe the World's wide Scene,
And hide me from *Nicanor*, and myſelf.
Who's there?

Enter Auletes.

Aul. My Lord?
Myr. Auletes?
Aul. Guard your Life;
The Houſe is rouz'd; the Servants all alarm'd,
The gilded Tapers dart from Room to Room;
Solemn Confuſion and a trembling Haſte
Mixt with pale Horror, glares on every Face:
The ſtrengthned Foe has ruſh'd upon your Guard,

And

And cut their Paſſage thro' them to the Gate:
Implacable *Rameſes* leads them on,
Breathing Revenge and panting for your Blood.
Myr. Why, let them come, let in the raging Torrent:
I wiſh the World would riſe in Arms againſt me,
For I muſt die, and I would die in State.

The doors are burſt open; Servants paſs the Stage in Tumult. Rameſes, *&c. purſue* Myron's *guards over the Stage;* Rameſes *and* Syphoces *enter meeting them.*

Ram. Where's the Prince?
Syph. The Monſter ſtands at bay:
We can no more than ſhut him from Eſcape,
Till further force arrive.
Ram. Oh my *Syphoces!*
Syp. This is a Grief; but not for Words.
Does ſhe ſtill live?
Ram. She lives —— but oh how bleſt
Are they which are no More! by ſtealth I ſaw her,
Caſt on the Ground in mourning weeds ſhe lies;
Her torn and looſen'd Treſſes ſhade her round;
Thro' which her Face all pale as ſhe were Dead,
Gleams like a ſickly Moon; too great her Grief
For words or Tears! but ever and anon
After a Dreadful, ſtill, inſidious calm,
Collecting all her Breath, long, long ſuppreſs'd,
She ſobs her Soul out in a lengthen'd Groan,
So ſad, it breaks the Heart of all that hear,
And ſends her Maids in agonies away.
Syp. Oh Tale too mournful to be thought on!
Ram. Hold ——————
No, let her Virgins weep; forbear, *Syphoces*,
Tear out an Eye, but damp not our Revenge;
Diſpatch your Letters; I'll go comfort her.
(*A Servant ſpeaks aſide to* Rameſes. *Exit* Syphoces.
And has ſhe then commanded none approach her.
I'm ſorry for it, but I cannot blame her.
Such is the dreadful Ill, that it converts
All offer'd Cure into a new Diſeaſe:
It ſhuns our Love, and Comfort gives her Pain.

Re-

Re-enter Syphoces.

Syph. Your Father is return'd; redundant *Nile*,
Broke from its Channel, overſwells the paſs,
And ſends him back to wait the Water's fall.
Ram. And is he then return'd?——I tremble for him.
I ſee his white Head rolling in the duſt.
But haſte, it is our Duty to receive him. (*Exit.*

Enter Myron.

Myr. I feel a Pain of which I am not Worthy,
A Pain, an Anguiſh, which the honeſt Man
Alone deſerves.—— Is it not wond'rous ſtrange,
That I who ſtabb'd the very Heart of Nature,
Should have ſurviving aught of Man about me?
And yet I know not how, of Gratitude
And Friendſhip ſtill the ſtubborn ſparks ſurvive,
And poor *Nicanor*'s Torments pierce my Soul.
Confuſion! he's return'd. (*Starting.*

Enter Nicanor.

Nic. My Prince—— (*Advancing to embrace.*
Myr. My Friend——
(*Turning aſide and hiding his Face.*
Nic. I interrupt you, Sir.
Myr. I had thee there: (*Smiting his breaſt.*
Before thou cam'ſt, my thoughts were bent upon thee.
Nic. Oh Sir, you are too kind!
Myr. Death! Tortures! Hell!
Nic. What ſays my Prince?
Myr. A ſudden Pain,
To which I'm ſubject, ſtruck acroſs my Heart:
'Tis paſt, I'm well again.
Nic. Heav'n guard your Health.
Myr. Do'ſt thou then wiſh it?
Nic. Am I then diſtruſted?
Then when I ſav'd your Life, I did the leaſt
I e'er would do to ſerve you.

Myr.

Myr. Barbarous Man! ———

Nic What have I done, my Prince which way offend-
Has not my Life, my Soul, been yours? (ed?

Myr. Oh! ——— Oh! ———

Nic. By Heav'n I'm wrong'd, ſpeak and I'll clear my-
ſelf. (*Takes him by the Hand.*

Myr. I'm Poiſon and Deſtruction, curſe thy Gods,
I'll kill thee in Compaſſion ——— Oh my Brain!
Away, away, away. (*Shoves him from him, going.*

Nic. Do, kill me, Prince ———
You ſhall not go, I do demand the Cauſe,
Which has put forth thy Hand againſt thy Father!
For thus provok'd, I'll do myſelf the Juſtice,
To tell thee, Youth, that I deſerve that Name,
Nor have thy Parents lov'd thee more than I.

Myr. I hear them; they are on me.—looſe thy hold,
Or I will plant my Dagger in thy Breaſt.

Nic. Your Dagger's needleſs!—Oh ungrateful Boy!

Myr. Forgive me, Father, Oh my Soul bleeds for thee.
(*Embraces.*

As he is going out, Auletes *meets him, and ſpeaks to him aſide.*

What, no, eſcape? on every ſide inclos'd!
Then I reſolve to periſh by his Hand;
'Tis juſt I ſhould, and meaner Death I ſcorn.
But how to work him to my Fate, to ſting
His Paſſion up ſo high, will be a taſk
To me ſevere, as difficult and ſtrange.
Support me, cruel heart, it muſt be done. [*Aſide.*

Nic. Now, from my very Soul, I cannot tell
But 'tis enchantment all; for things ſo ſtrange
Have happen'd, I might well diſtruſt my Senſe:
But if mine Eyes are true, I plainly read
A Heart in anguiſh, and I muſt confeſs
Your Grief is juſt. ——It was inhuman in you,——
But tell the Cauſe, unravel, from the Bottom,
The myſtery that has embroil'd our Loves,
(For ſtill, my Prince, I love ſince you Repent)
What accident depriv'd me of my Friend,
And loſt you to yourſelf?

Myr.

Myr. A Traytor's ſight.
Nic. Beneath my Roof?
Myr. Beneath thy very Helmet;
Thou art a Traytor. Guard thy ſelf. [*Draws.*
Nic. Diſtraction!
Traitor!——For ſtanding by your Father's Throne;
And ſtemming the wild Stream that roars againſt it
Of Rebel Subjects, and of foreign Foes?
For training thee to Glory and to War?
For taking thee from out thy Mother's Arms
A mortal Child, and kindling in thy Soul
The noble ardors of a future God?
Farewel, I dare not truſt my temper more.
Myr. Grey-headed venerable Traytor!

Enter Rameſes.

Ram. Ha!
Turn, turn, blaſphemer, and repreſs thy taunts;
All provocation's needleſs but thy ſight.
He aſſaults the Prince, Nicanor *hinders him.*
Nic. Forbear, my Son.
Ram. Forbear?
Nic. If I am calm,
Your Rage ſhould ceaſe.
Ram. No; 'tis my own Revenge,
Unleſs, Sir, you diſown me for your Son.
Nic. Thy Sword againſt thy Prince?
Ram. A Villain.
Nic. Hold.
Ram. The worſt of Villains.
Nic. 'Tis too much.
Ram. Oh, Father!——
Nic. What would'ſt thou?
Ram. Sir, your Daughter——
Nic. Rightly thought;
She beſt can comfort me in all my Sorrows;
Call, call, *Mandane*; to behold my Child
Wou'd chear me in the Agonies of Death;
Call her, *Rameſes*——am I diſobey'd?
Ram. Oh, Sir!——

Nic. What mean thoſe Tranſports of Concern?
Ram. Though I'm an out-caſt from your Love, I weep
To open your black Scene of Miſery.
Nic. Where will this end? —— Oh my foreboding Heart!
Ram. Should he, to whom, as to a God at parting,
You gave with ſtreaming Eyes your Soul's Delight,
While yet your laſt Embrace was warm about him
Gloomy and Dreadful as this ſtormy Night,
Ruſh on your Child, your Comfort, your *Mandane*,
All ſweet and lovely as the bluſhing Morn,
Seize her by Force, now trembling, breathleſs, pale,
Proſtrate in Anguiſh, tearing up the Earth,
Imploring, ſhrieking to the Gods and you. ——
Oh hold my Brain! — look there, and think the reſt.

The back Scene opens. A darken'd Chamber, a Bed and the Curtains drawn. Women paſs out weeping, &c. Nicanor *falls back on* Rameſes.

Nic. Is't poſſible ——my Child! —— my only Daughter——
The Growth of my own Life! that ſweeten'd Age
And Pain!——Oh Nature bleeds within me!
Mand. Weep not, my Virgins, ceaſe your uſeleſs Tears,
Kindneſs is thrown away upon Deſpair,
And but provokes the Sorrow it would eaſe.
Nic. Aſſiſt me forwards.
Mand. Moſt unwelcome News!
Is he return'd? the Gods ſupport my Father.
I now begin to wiſh he lov'd me leſs.
Nic. There, there ſhe pierc'd the very tender'ſt Nerve:
She pities me, dear Babe, ſhe pities me:
Through all the raging Tortures of her Soul
She feels my Pain! but hold my Heart to thank her,
Then burſt at once, and let the Pangs of Death
Put *Myron* from my Thought. [*Goes to her.*
Mand. Severeſt Fate
Has done its worſt. — I've drawn my Father's Tears. —
Nic. Forbear to call me by that tender Name;
Since I can't help thee, I wou'd fain forget

Thou

Thou art a Part of me——I only ſharpens
Thoſe Pangs, which, if a Stranger, I ſhould feel.——
Oh ſpare me, my *Mandane*; to behold thee
In ſuch Exceſs of Sorrow quite deſtroys me,
And I ſhall die and leave thee unreveng'd.

Mand. Oh, Sir, there are Misfortunes moſt ſevere,
Which yet can bear the Light, and well ſuſtain'd
Adorn the Sufferer.——But this Affliction
Has made Deſpair a Virtue, and demands
Utter Extinction, and eternal Night,
As height of Happineſs. [*Scene ſhuts on them.*

Enter Syphoces.

Ram. Oh my *Syphoces.*

Syph. And does this move you, does this melt you down,
And pour you out in Sorrow? then fly far,
Ere *Memnon* comes; he comes with flushing Cheek,
And beating Heart, to bear a Bride away,
And bleſs his Fate; how dreadfully deceiv'd!

Ram. The melancholy Scene at length begins.

Enter Memnon.

Mem. Oh, give me leave
To yield to Nature and indulge my Joy,
My Friend! my Brother! oh the extaſie
That fires my Veins, and dances at my Heart!
You love me not, if you refuſe to join
In all the juſt Extravagance, and Flight
Of boundleſs Tranſports on this happy Hour.
Where is my Soul, my Bliſs, my lovely Bride!
Call, call her forth: Oh haſte, the Prieſt expects us,
And every Moment is a Crime to Love.

Ram. Speak to him——prithee ſpeak [*To* Syph.

Syph. By Heav'n I cannot.

Mem. What can this mean?

Ram. Syphoces.

Syph. Nay; *Rameſes.*

Mem. By all the Gods, they ſtruggle with their Sor-
(rows,

And ſwallow down their Tears to hide them from me:
By Friendſhip's ſacred Name, I charge you, ſpeak.

[*They look on him with the utmoſt Concern, and go out on different Sides of the Stage.*

Was ever Man thus left to dreadful Thought,
And all the Horrors of a black Surmiſe!
What Woe is this too big to be expreſs'd?
Oh my ſad Heart! why bod'ſt thou ſo ſeverely?
Mandane's Life's in Danger! there indeed;
Fortune, I fear thee ſtill; her Beauties arm thee,
Her Virtues make thee dreadful to my Thought;
But for my Love, how I could laugh at Fate!

Enter a Servant, and gives him a Paper. He Reads.

Enter Rameſes, Memnon *ſwoons, and falls on* Ram.

Ram. 'Twere happy if his Soul wou'd ne'er return;
The Gods may ſtill be merciful in this——
His Lids begin to riſe——how fares my Friend?

Mem. Did *Myron* feel my Pangs, you'd pity him.

Enter Syphoces.

Syph. Fainting beneath th' Oppreſſion of her Grief,
This way *Mandane* ſeeks the freſher Air:
Let us withdraw; 'twill pain her to be ſeen,
And moſt of all by you.

Mem. By my own Heart,
I Judge, and am convinc'd——I dare not ſee her,
The Sight would ſtrike me dead.

[*As* Memnon *is going*, Mandane *meets him; both ſtart back; ſhe ſhrieks.* Memnon *recovers himſelf, and falls at her Knees, embracing them; ſhe tries to diſengage, he not permitting, ſhe raiſes him, he takes her paſſionately in his Arms. They continue ſpeechleſs and motionleſs ſome Time.*

Ram. Was ever mournful Interview like this?
See how they writhe with Anguiſh! hear them groan.
See the large ſilent Dew run trickling down,

As

As from the weeping Marble; Paſſion choaks
Their Words, and they're the Statues of Deſpair.
Mem. Oh my *Mandane!*
[*At this ſhe violently breaks from him, and Exit.*
But one Moment more
[*As* Memnon *is following,* Rameſes *holds him.*
Ram. Brother——
Mem Forgive me——
Ram. Your to blame——
Mem. Look there. [*Pointing after her.*
My Heart is burſting.
Ram. With Revenge.
Mem. And Love.
Ram. Revenge.
Mem. One dear Embrace, 'twill edge my Sword.
Syph. No, *Memnon,* if our Swords now want an edge,
They'll want for ever; to this Spot I charm thee;
By the dread Words, Revenge and Liberty!
This is the Criſis of our Fates, this Moment
The guardian Gods of Egypt hover o'er us,
They watch to ſee us act like prudent Men,
And out of Ills extract our Happineſs.
My Friends, theſe dire Calamities, like Poiſon,
May have their wholeſome Uſe! this ſad Occaſion,
If manag'd artfully revives our Hopes;
It gives *Nicanor* to our ſinking Faction,
And ſtill the Tyrant ſhakes.
Ram. My Father comes;
Or ſnatch this Moment, or deſpair for ever.
While Paſſions glow, the Heart like heated Steel,
Takes each Impreſſion, and is work'd at Pleaſure.

Enter Nicanor.

Nic. Why have the Gods choſe out my weakeſt Hours,
To ſet their Terrors in array againſt me?
This wou'd beat down the Vigour of my Youth,
Much more grey Hairs, and Life worn down ſo low.
Vain Man! to be ſo fond of breathing long,
And ſpinning out a Thread of Miſery.
The longer Life the greater choice of Evil;

The happieſt Man is but a wretched Thing,
That ſteals poor Comfort from Compariſon;
What then am I? here will I ſit me down,
Brood o'er my Cares, and think myſelf to Death.
Draw near, *Rameſes*; I was rath erewhile,
And chid thee without cauſe.—How many Years
Have I been cas'd in Steel?

Ram. Full threeſcore Years
Have chang'd the Seaſons o'er your creſted Brow,
And ſeen your Fauchion dy'd in hoſtile Blood.

Nic. How many Triumphs ſince the King has reign'd?

Ram. They number juſt your Battles, one for one.

Nic. True; I have followed the rough Trade of War
With ſome Succeſs, and can without a Bluſh
Review the ſhaken Fort, and ſanguine Plain.
I have thought Pain a Pleaſure, Thirſt and Toil
Bleſt Objects of Ambition; I remember,
(Nor do my Foes forget that bloody Day:)
When the barb'd Arrow from my gaping Thigh
Was wrench'd with Labour, I diſdain'd to groan,
Becauſe I ſuffered for *Buſiris'* Sake.

Ram. The King is not to blame.

Nic. Is not the Prince his Son?

Ram. But in himſelf——

Nic. And has he loſt his Guilt, [*Riſing in a Paſſion,*
Cauſe he has injur'd me? erewhile thy Blood
Was kindled at his Name.——Didſt thou not tell me
A ſhameful black Deſign on poor *Amelia?*
Oh *Memnon!* what a glorious Race is this,
To make the Gods a Party in our Cauſe,
And draw down Bleſſings on us?

Mem. He that ſupports them
In ſuch black Crimes, is Sharer of their Guilt.

Nic. Point out the Man, and with theſe wither'd Hands
I'd fly upon his Throat, tho' he were lodg'd
Within the Circle of *Buſiris'* Arms.

Ram. He that prevents it not when in his Power.
Supports them in their Courſe of flaming Guilt,
And you are he.

Nic. Thou rav'ſt.

Syph. The Army's yours.
I've ſounded every Chief; but wave your Finger,

Thou-

Thouſands fall off the Tyrant's Side, and leave him
Naked of Help, and open to Deſtruction.
But ſweep his Minions cut a Pander's Throat,
Or lop a Sycophant, the work is done.
Nic. What wou'd you have me do? [*Starting.*
Mem. Let not your Heart
Fly off from your own Thought, be truly great,
Reſent your Country's Sufferings as your own.
A generous Soul is not confin'd at Home,
But ſpreads itſelf abroad o'er all the Publick,
And feels for every Member of the Land.
What have we ſeen for twenty rolling Years,
But one long Tract of Blood! or, what is worſe,
Throng'd Dungeons pouring forth perpetual Groans,
And free-born Men oppreſs'd! ſhall half Mankind
Be doom'd to curſe the Moment of their Birth?
Shall all the Mother's Fondneſs be employ'd
To rear them up to Bondage, give them Strength
To bear Afflictions, and ſupport their Chains?
Syph. To you the valiant Youth moſt humbly bend,
[*Kneeling.*
And begs that Nature's gifts, the vigorous Nerve,
And graceful Port deſign'd to bleſs the World,
And take your great Example in the Field,
May not be forc'd by Lewdneſs in high Place,
To other Toils, to labour for Diſeaſe,
To wither in a loath'd Embrace, and die
At an inglorious Diſtance from the Foe.
To you *Amelia* lifts her Hands for Safety.
[*Kneeling.*
Mem. To you—to you— [*Burſting into Tears.*
Nic. By Heav'n he cannot ſpeak—I underſtand thee.
Riſe,—riſe, my Son:—riſe all; your work is done;
They periſh all, theſe Creatures of my Sword,
Have I not ſeen whole Armies vaulted o'er
With flying Javelins, which ſhut out the Day,
And fell in rattling Storms at my Command,
To ſlay and bury proud *Buſiris'* Foe?
He lives and reigns, for I have been his Friend?
But I'll unmake him and plough up the Ground,
Where his proud Palace ſtands. *Exit.*

Mem. Oh, my *Mandane!*
The Gods by dreadful Means beſt owe Succeſs,
And in their Vengeance moſt ſeverely bleſs:
From thy bright ſtreaming Eyes our Triumphs flow;
The Tyrant falls, *Mandane* ſtrikes the Blow.
So the fair Moon, when Seas ſwell high, and pour
A waſteful Deluge on the trembling Shore,
Inſpires the Tumult from her clouded Throne,
Where ſilent, penſive, pale, ſhe ſits alone,
And all the diſtant Ruin is her own.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Field.*

Enter Buſiris *and* Auletes. *An alarm at a Diſtance.*

Buſ. WElcome the Voice of War! tho' loud the Sound,
It faintly ſpeaks the Language of my Heart;
It whiſpers what I mean. But ſay, *Auletes*,
What urge theſe forlorn Rebels in Excuſe
For chuſing Ruin!

Aul. Various their Complaints,
But ſome are loud, that while your heavy Hand
Preſſes whole Millions with inceſſant Toil,
(Toils fitter far for Beaſts than human Creatures)
In building Wonders for the World to gaze at,
Weeds are their Food, thier Cup the muddy *Nile*.

Buſ. Do they not build for me? let that reward them.
Yes, I will build more Wonders to be gaz'd at,
And temper all my Cement with their Blood.
Whoſe Pains and Art reform'd the puzzl'd Year,
Thus drawing down the Sun to human Uſe,
And making him their Servant? who puſh'd off
With mountain Dams the broad redundant *Nile*,
Deſcended from the Moon, and bid it wander
A Stranger Stream in unaccuſtom'd Shores?

Who

Who from the *Ganges* to the *Danube* reigns;
But Virtues are forgot!—away—to Arms!
I call to Mind my glorious Anceſtry,
Which, for ten thouſand rolling Years renown'd,
Shines up into Eternity it ſelf,
And ends among the Gods. [*An Alarm.*

Enter Memnon.

Aul. The Rebel braves us.

Buſ. Hold, let our Weapons thirſt one Moment longer,
And Death ſtand ſtill, till he receives my Nod ———
Whom meet I in the Midſt of my own Realm,
With bold Defiance on his Brow?

Mem. The Slave,
Whom dread *Buſiris* lately laid in Chains,
An Emblem of his Country.

Beſ. Is it thus
You thank my royal Bounty?

Mem. Thus you thank'd
The good *Artaxes*, thus you thank'd my Father.

Buſ. What I have done, conclude moſt Right and Juſt,
For I have done it, and the Gods alone
Shall aſk me why: thou liv'ſt, altho' they fell;
And if they fell unjuſtly, greater Thanks
Are due from thee, whom even Injuſtice ſpar'd.

Mem. Thy Kindneſſes are Wrongs, they mean to ſooth
My injur'd Soul, and ſteal it from Revenge.

Buſ. Turn back thine Eye, behold thy Troops are thin;
Thy Men are rarely ſprinkled o'er the Field,
And yet thou carry'ſt Millions on thy Tongue.

Mem. All thy blood-thirſty Sword has laid in Duſt
Are on my Side, they come in bloody Swarms,
And throng my Banners; thy unequal'd Crimes
Have made thee weak, and rob my Victory.

Buſ. Ha!

Mem. Nay, ſtamp not, Tyrant; I can ſtamp as loud,
And raiſe as many Dæmons at the Sound.

Buſ. I wear a Diadem.

Mem. And I a Sword.

Buſ. Yet, yet ſubmit, I give thee Life.

Mem. Secure your own:
No more, *Buſiris*, bid the Sun farewel.
Buſ. Buſiris and the Sun ſhou'd ſet together,
If this Day's angry Gods ordain my Fate,
Know thou, I fall like ſome vaſt Pyramid,
I bury thouſands in my great Deſtruction,
And thou the firſt——Slave! in the Front of Battle,
There thou ſhalt find me.
Mem. Thou ſhalt find me there.
And have well paid that Gratitude I owe. [*Exeunt.*

A continued Alarm.

Enter Myron *and* Nicanor *meeting.*

Nic. Does not mine Eye ſtrike Horror through thy Soul,
And ſhake the Weapon from thy trembling Arm?
Baſe Boy! the Foulneſs of thy Guilt ſecures thee
From my Reproach, I dare not name thy Crime.
Myr. Old Man, didſt thou ſtand up in thy own Cauſe,
I then ſhou'd be afraid of fourſcore Years,
And tremble at grey Hairs; but ſince thy Frenzy
Has lent thoſe venerable Locks, to caſt
A Gloſs of Virtue on the blackeſt Crime,
Accurſt Rebellion! this gives back my Heart,
With all its Rage, and I'm a Man again.
Nic. Come on, and uſe that Force in Arms, I taught thee;
I'll now reſume the Life I gave ſo late. [
Myr. I grieve thou haſt but half a Life to loſe,
And doſt defraud my Vengeance—at my Touch
Thou moulder'ſt into Duſt, and art forgotten.
[*Preparing to Fight*, Myr. *ſtops ſhort.*
Ah no! I cannot fight with thee, begone
And ſhake elſewhere; thou can'ſt not want a Death.
In ſuch a Field, though I refuſe it to thee.
Rameſes, *Memnon*, give them to my Sword,
Suſtain'd by thouſands; but to fly from thee,
From thee, moſt injur'd Man ſhall be my Praiſe,
And riſe above the Conqueſt of my Foes. [*Exit.*
Nic. 'Tis not old Age, th' avenging Gods purſue thee!
[*Exit.*

[*He retires before* Nicanor *off the Stage. A loud Alarm.*

Enter

Enter Buſiris *and* Auletes *in Purſuit.*

Buſ. 'Tis well, I like this Madneſs of the Field:
Let heighten'd Horrors, and a Waſte of Death
Inform the World *Buſiris* is in Arms.
But then I grudge the Glory of my Sword
To Slaves, and Rebels, while they die by me,
They cheat my Vengeance, and ſurvive in Fame.
Aul. I panted after in the Paths of Death,
And could not but from far behold your Plume
O'er-ſhadow ſlaughter'd Heaps, while your bright Helm
Struck a diſtinguiſh'd Terror through the Field,
The diſtant Legions trembling as it blaz'd.
Buſ. Think not a Crown alone lights up my Name,
My Hand is deep in Fight. Forbid it, *Iſis*!
That whilſt *Buſiris* treads the ſanguine Field,
The foremoſt Spirit of his Hoſt ſhou'd conquer
But by Example, and beneath the Shade
Of this high brandiſh'd Arm. Did'ſt thou e'er fear?
Sure 'tis an Art; I know not how to fear.
'Tis one of the few Things beyond my Power;
And if Death muſt be fear'd before 'tis felt,
Thy Maſter is immortal. O *Auletes*——
But while I ſpake, they live!
Where fall the ſounding Cataracts of *Nile*,
The Mountains tremble, and the Waters boil;
Like them I'll ruſh, like them my Fury pour,
And give the future World one Wonder more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Myron *engaged with a Party; his Plume is ſmitten off. He drives the Foe, and returns.*

Myr. When Death's ſo near, but dares not venture on us,
'Tis heav'n's Regard, a Kind of Salutation,
Which to our ſelves our own Importance ſhows——
Faint as I am, and almoſt ſick of Blood,
There is one Cordial wou'd revive me ſtill;
The Sight of *Memnon*, place that Fiend before me——
[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Memnon.

Mem. Where, where's the Prince? O give him to my Sword!
His tall white Plume, which like a high-wrought Foam
Floated on the tempeſtuous Stream of Fight,
Shew'd where he ſwept the Field; I follow'd ſwift,
But my Approach has turn'd him into Air;

Enter Myron.

The Fight but now begins!
Myr. Why, who art thou?
Mem. Prince, I am ———
Myr. Memnon. [*Diſdainfully.*
Mem. No, ——— I'm *Mandane.*
Myr. Ha!
Mem. She's here, ſhe's here, ſhe's all: her Wrongs and Virtues! [*Striking his own Head and Breaſt.*
Virtues and Wrongs! thou worſe than Murderer!
Myr. I charge thee name her not, forbear the Croak
With that ill-omen'd Note.
Mem. Mandane!
Myr. Be it ſo,
When I reflect on her vain Love for thee,
And plot againſt my Life, my Pain is leſs.
Mem. 'Tis falſe; ſhe meant, ſhe knew it not; *Rameſes*,
He, only he, was conſcious of the Thought.
Myr. Then I'm a Wretch indeed!
Mem. As ſuch I'll uſe thee:
I'll cruſh thee like ſome Poiſon on the Earth,
Then haſte and cleanſe me in the Blood of Men.
Myr. I thank thee for this Spirit, which exalts thee
Into a Foe, I need not bluſh to meet.
Now from my Soul, it joys me thou art found,
And found alive; by Heav'n ſo much I hate thee,
I fear'd that thou waſt dead, and had'ſt eſcap'd me:
I'll drench my Sword in thy deteſted Blood,
Or ſoon make thee immortal by my own.
Villain!

Mem.

Mem. Myron!
Myr. Rebel!
Mem. Myron!
Myr. Hell!
Mem. Mandane! [Myr. *falls.*
Myr. Juſt the Blow, and juſter ſtill
Becauſe imbitter'd to me by that Hand
I moſt deteſt; which gives my Soul an Earneſt
Of vaſt unfathomable Woes to come.
That dreadful Dowry for my dreadful Love.
I leave the World my miſery's Example,
If us'd aright, no trivial Legacy. [*Dies.*

Enter Syphoces.

Syph. My Lord, I bring you moſt unwelcome News:
As poor *Mandane* wander'd near the Field,
In hope to ſee her Injuries reveng'd;
Thoughtleſs of any Suff'rings, but the paſt,
A Party of the Foe, ſaw, ſeiz'd and bore her off.
Mem. Vengeance, and Conqueſt now are trivial Things,
Love made their Prize! 'tis impious in my Soul
To entertain a Thought but of her Reſcue.
Now, now, I plunge into the thickeſt War,
As ſome bold Diver from a Precipice
Into mid Ocean, to regain a Gem,
Whoſe Loſs impoveriſh'd Kings; to bring it back,
Or ſee the Day no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mandane *Priſoner.*

Mand. A generous Foe will hear his Captive ſpeak;
A Benefit thus kneeling I implore;
Let one of all thoſe Swords that glitter round me,
Vouchſafe to hide its Point within my Breaſt.

Enter Memnon.

Mem. Ah Villains! curſed Atheiſts! can you bear
That Poſture from that Form? what, what are Numbers,
When I behold thoſe Eyes? not mine the Glory,

That

That ſingly thus I quell a Hoſt of Foes.
Inhuman Robbers! Oh bring back my Soul.
[*They force her off, he ruſhes in upon them and is taken.*
Poor comfort to Mankind that they can loſe
Their Lives but once—but oh! a thouſand Times
Be torn from what they love.

Enter Rameſes, *wounded.*

Ram. Far have I waded in the bloody Field,
Laborious through the ſtubborn Ranks of War,
And trac'd thee in a Labyrinth of Death;
But thus to find thee!——better find thee dead!
Theſe Slaves will uſe thee ill.
Mem. Of that no more;
Myron is dead, and by this Arm.
Ram. I thank thee.
All my few Spirits left exult with Joy,
I'll chace and ſcourge him through the lower World.
Mem. Alas thou bleed'ſt.
Ram. Curſe on the Tyrant's Sword;
I bleed to Death. But could not leave the World
Without a laſt Embrace. Juſt now I met
The poor *Mandane.*
Mem. Quickly ſpeak. What ſaid ſhe?
Ram. Nothing of Comfort. Ceaſe to aſk me farther.
If you meet more, your meeting will be ſad——
Your Arm, I faint——Ah what is human Life?
How like the Dial's tardy moving Shade!
Day after Day ſlides from us unperceiv'd!
The cunning Fugitive is ſwift by Stealth,
Too ſubtle is the Movement to be ſeen,
Yet ſoon the Hour is up—and we are gone.
Farewel, I pity thee. [*Dies.*
Mem. Farewel, brave Friend!
Wou'd I cou'd bear thee Company to Reſt;
But Life in all its Terrors ſtands before me,
And ſhuts the Gate of Peace againſt my Wiſhes.—
Do I not hear a Peal of diſtant Thunder?
And ſee, a ſudden Darkneſs ſhuts the Day,
And quite blots out the Sun—but what's to me

The

The Colour of the Sky? a death-cold Dew
Hangs on my Brow; and all my ſlacken'd Joints
Are ſhook without a Cauſe—a Groan, from whence?
Again? and no one near me? vain Deluſion!
I fear not vain! ſome Ill is towards me,
More dreadful ſure than all that's paſt. *Mandane!*
I hop'd ſhe was at Peace, and paſt the Reach
Of this ill News, but ſuch my wayward Fate
I cannot aſk a Curſe, but 'tis deny'd me:
And cou'd I wiſh I ne'er ſhould ſee her more!

Enter Mandane *guarded.*

Mand. This is my Brother; a ſhort Privacy,
Is a ſmall Favour you may grant a Foe.
Guard. Let it be ſhort, we may not wait your Leiſure.
Mem. 'Tis wond'rous ſtrange, there's ſomething holds me from her,
And keeps this Foot faſt rooted to the Ground.
This is the laſt Time I ſhall ever pray.
To me, ye Gods, confine your threaten'd Vengeance,
And I will bleſs your Mercies while I ſuffer.

[Memnon *and* Mandane *advance ſlowly to the Front of the Stage.*

Mand. What didſt thou pray for?
Mem. For thy Peace.
Mand. 'Twas Kind:
But oh! thoſe Hands in Bonds deny the Bleſſing,
For which they earneſtly were rais'd to Heaven.
Mem. I fear ſo too; what we have yet to do.
Muſt be ſoon done; this Meeting is our laſt.
How ſhall we uſe it?
Mand. How? conſult thy Chains,
And my Calamities.
Mem. Sad Counſellors,
And cruel their Advice—are there no other?
Mand. I look around—and find no Glimpſe of Hope,
A perfect Night of Horror and Deſpair!
Mem. Of Horror and Deſpair indeed, *Mandane!*
Canſt thou believe me? nay, can I believe

My

Myſelf? the laſt Thing that I wiſh'd for was—'tis falſe.
The Weight of my Misfortune hurts my Mind.
Mand. Was what?
Mem. I dare not think, to think is to look down
A Precipice ten thouſand Fathom deep,
That turns my Brain —— Oh! oh!
Mand. Memnon, no more:
That Silence, and thoſe Tears, need no explaining;
And it is kind with ſuch ſevere Reluctance
To think upon my Death —— tho' neceſſary.
Mem. Ah hold! you plant a thouſand Daggers here,
Talk not of dying, —— I diſown the Thought;
Right is not Right, and Reaſon is not Reaſon,
All is Diſtraction when I look on thee.
Oh all ye pitying Gods! daſh out from Nature
Your Stars, your Sun, but let *Mandane* live.
Mand. No: Death long ſince was my confirm'd Reſolve.
Mem. Myron is dead.
Mand. What Joy a Heart like mine
Can feel, it feels —— had he been never born,
I might have liv'd —— 'tis now —— impoſſible.
Mem. This even to my Miſeries I owe,
That it diſcovers greater Virtues ſtill.
In her my Soul adores —— Oh, my *Mandane!*
Oh glorious Maid! then thou wilt be at Peace ——
[Memnon *walks thoughtfully, then returns.*
Muſt I ſurvive, and change thy Tenderneſs
For a ſtern Maſter, and perpetual Chains?
Long I may groan on Earth, to ſate their Malice,
Then through ſlow Torments linger into Death,
No Steel to ſtab, no Wall to daſh my Brain!
Mand. Ha!
Mem. Why thus fix'd in Thought? what mighty Birth
Is labouring in your Soul? your Eyes ſpeak Wonders.—
Mand. Will not the Blood-hounds be content with Life?
Mem. Alas, *Mandane!* No; they ſtudy Nature
To find out all her ſecret Seats of Pain,
And carry killing to a dreadful Art:
A ſimple Death in *Egypt* is for Friends.
Mand. Oh then it muſt be ſo!—and yet it cannot ——

Mem.

Mem. What means this ſudden Paleneſs?
Mand. Heav'n aſſiſt me!
[*Feeling in her Boſom, ſhe ſwoons.*
Mem. My Love! *Mandane!* hear me! my eſpous'd!
My deareſt Heart! the Infant of my Boſom!
Whom I would foſter with my vital Blood.
Mand. 'Tis well, and in Return I give thee—— this.
[*Shews a Dagger.*
Mem. Millions of Thanks, thou Refuge in Deſpair.
Mand. Terrible Kindneſs! horrid Mercy! Oh!
I cannot give it thee.
Mem. Full well I know
Thy tender Soul, and I muſt force it from thee.
[*As he is ſtruggling with her for the Dagger, ſhe ſpeaks.*
Mand. My Lord! my Soul! my ſelf! you tear my Heart:
Art thou not dearer to my Eyes than Light?
Do'ſt thou not circulate thro' all my Veins,
Mingle with Life, and form my very Soul?
Mem. Now, Monſters! I defy you: Fate forbids
A long Farewel, my guard may interpoſe,
And make your Favour vain.——— Thus, only thus.
[*Embrace.*
And now———
Mand. Ah, no: ſince laſt I ſaw thee, thrice I rais'd
[*Holds his Arm.*
My trembling Arm, and thrice I let it fall.———
If you refuſe Compaſſion to my Sex,
Memnon betrays me, and is *Myron*'s Friend.
As I a Poinard, you ſupply an Arm,
And I ſhall ſtill be happy in your Love.
[*After a Pauſe of Aſtoniſhment, he ſinks gently on the Earth.*
Mem. From dreadful, to more dreadful I am plung'd,
And find in deepeſt Anguiſh deeper ſtill.
I can't complain in common with Mankind———
But am a wretched Species all alone.
Muſt I not only loſe thee, but be curſt,
To ſprinkle my own Hands with thy Life-blood?
Mand. It cannot be avoided.

Mem.

Mem. Nor perform'd.
Lift up my Hand againſt thee as a Foe!
I, who ſhou'd ſave thee from thy very Father,
And teach thy deareſt Friends to uſe thee well,
Make Kindneſs kind, and ſoften all their Smiles?
Oh, my *Mandane!* think how I have lov'd!
Oh, my *Mandane!* think upon thy Pow'r!
How often haſt thou ſeen me pale with Joy,
And trembling at a Smile? and ſhall I———
Mand. Myron. ———
[*At that* Memnon *ſtarts up ſuddenly.*
Mem. Ah, hold! I charge thee, hold! One Glance that Way
Awakes my Hell, and blows up all its Flames ———
The World turns round, my Heart is ſick to Death!
Oh, my Diſtraction! perfect Loſs of Thought!
Mand. Why ſtand you like a Statue? Are you dead?
What do you fold ſo faſt within your Arms?
Why with fixt Eye-balls do you pierce the Ground?
Why ſhift your Place, as if you trod on Fire?
Why gnaw your Lip, and groan ſo dreadfully?
My Lord, if I have ſpent whole live-long Nights
In Tears, and ſigh'd away the Day in private,
Only oppreſs'd with an Exceſs of Love,
Oh, turn and ſpeak to me!
Mem. And theſe, no Doubt,
Are Arguments, that I ſhall draw thy Blood———
No Child was ever lull'd upon the Breaſt
With half that Tenderneſs has melted from thee,
And fell like Balm upon my wounded Soul.
And ſhall I murder thee? Yes, thus—thus—thus.
[*Embracing ſome Time.*
Mand. Alas! my Lord forgets we are to die.
[Memnon *gazes with Wonder on the Dagger.*
Mem. By Heav'n, I had, my Soul had took her Flight
In Bliſs——— why is not this our bridal Day?
Mand. That Way Diſtraction lies.
Mem. Indeed it does.
Both. Oh! Oh!
Mand. Thy Sighs and Groans are ſharper than thy (Steel.
The Guard is on us.

Mem.

Mem. Then it muſt be done.
Sun hide thy Face, and put the World in Mourning,
Tho' Blood ſtart out for Tears, 'tis done — but one,
One laſt Embrace.
[*As he embraces her, ſhe burſts into Tears.*
Let me not ſee a Tear —— I cou'd as ſoon
Stab at the Face of Heaven, as kill thee weeping.
Mand. 'Tis paſt, I am compos'd.
Mem. And now, and now.
Mand. Be not ſo fearful, 'tis the ſecond Blow
Will pain my Heart — Indeed this will not hurt me.
Mem. Oh, thou haſt ſtung my Soul quite thro' and thro'
With thoſe kind Words; I had juſt ſteel'd my Breaſt,
[*Daſhing down the Dagger.*
And thou undo'ſt it all—I could not bear
To raze thy Skin, to ſave the World from Ruin.
Mand. If you're a Woman, I'll be ſomething more —
[*Stabs herſelf.*
I ſhall not taſte of Heaven till you arrive. [*Dies.*
Mem. Struck home—and in her Heart — ſhe's dead already,
And now with me all Nature is expir'd. ——
My lovely Bride, now we again are happy,
[*Stabs himſelf.*
And better Words prepare our nuptial Bow'r.
Now every ſplendid Object of Ambition,
Which lately with their various Gloſſes play'd
Upon my Brain, and fool'd my idle Heart,
Are taken from me by a little Miſt,
And all the World is vaniſh'd. [*Dies.*

A March ſounded. Enter Nicanor *and* Syphoces, *victorious. The Guard which were advancing to the Bodies fly.*

Nic. The Day's our own, the *Perſians* angry Pow'rs
Have well repaid this Morning's Inſolence,
And turn'd the deſperate Fortune of the Field
By ſure, tho' late Relief.

Syph.

Syph. *Nicanor*, Friend,
I from the City bring you welcome News;
My guilty Letter from the amorous Queen
I ſpread amongſt the Multitude; while yet
Their Blood was warm with reading the black Scroll,
Myris, to view the Fortune of the Fight,
Leaving her Palace for the weſtern Tow'r,
Was ſeiz'd, torn, ſcatter'd on the guilty Spot
Where her great Brother fell.

Nic. The Gods are juſt.

Syph. See where *Buſiris* comes, your royal Captive,
In his Misfortune great; an awful Ruin!
And dreadful to the Conqueror!

[Nicanor *advancing, ſees the Bodies.*

Nic. Sad Sight!———
A Sight that teaches Triumph how to mourn,
And more than juſtifies theſe ſtreaming Tears,
Even on the Moment that my Country's ſav'd
From ſore Oppreſſion, and inglorious Chains.

[*He falls on his Attendants.*

A great Shout. *Enter* Buſiris, *wounded.*

Buſ. Conquer'd! 'tis falſe; I am your Maſter ſtill;
Your Maſter, tho' in Bonds: You ſtand aghaſt
At your good Fate, and trembling can't enjoy.
Now from my Soul I hug theſe welcome Chains
Which ſhew you all *Buſiris*, and declare
Crowns and Succeſs ſuperfluous to my Fame.——
You think this ſtreaming Blood will low'r my Thought;
No, ye miſtaken Men, I ſmile at Death;
For living here, is living all alone,
To me a real Solitude, amid
A Throng of little Beings, groveling round me;
Which yet uſurp one common Shape and Name.
I thank theſe Wounds, theſe raging Pains which promiſe
An Interview with Equals ſoon elſewhere.

[*He ſees* Memnon.

Ah! dead? 'tis well; he roſe not to my Sword,
I only wiſh'd his Fate, and there he lies.

Some,

Some, when they die, die all; their mould'ring Clay
Is but an Emblem of their Memories;
The Space quite cloſes up thro' which they paſs'd.
That I have liv'd, I leave a Mark behind,
Shall pluck the ſhining Age from vulgar Time,
And give it whole to late Poſterity.
My Name is writ in mighty Characters,
Triumphant Columns, and eternal Domes,
Whoſe Splendor heightens our *Egyptian* Day,
Whoſe Strength ſhall laugh at Time, till their great Baſis,
Old Earth itſelf ſhall fail. In after Ages,
Who war or build, ſhall build or war from me,
Grow great in each, as my Example fires;
'Tis I of Art the future Wonders raiſe;
I fight the future Battles of the World.——
Great *Jove*, I come! *Egypt*, thou art forſaken: [*Sinks.*
Aſia's impoveriſh'd by my ſinking Glories,
And the World leſſens, when *Buſiris* falls. [*Dies.*

Syph. Bear the dead Monarch to his Pyramid;
And for what Uſe ſoe'er it was deſign'd,
By that high-minded, but miſtaken Man,
There let him lie, magnificent in Death;
Great was his Life, great be his Monument:
And on *Buſiris*' Nephew, young *Arſaces*,
Of gentler Spirit, let the Crown devolve.
From this Day's Vengeance let the Nations know,
Jove lays the Pride of haughtieſt Monarchs low;
And they who, kindled with ambitious Fire,
In Arts and Arms with moſt Succeſs aſpire,
If void of Virtue, but provoke their Doom,
Graſp at their Fate, and build themſelves a Tomb.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

THE Race of Critics, dull judicious Rogues,
To mournful Plays deny briſk Epilogues.
Each gentle Swain and tender Nymph, ſay they,
From a ſad Tale ſhould go in Tears away;
From hence quite home ſhould Streams of Sorrow ſhed,
And drown'd in Grief ſteal ſupperleſs to Bed.

This Doctrine is ſo grave, the Sparks won't bear it;
They love to go in Humour to their Claret.
The Citt, who owns a little Fun worth buying,
Holds Half a Crown too much to pay for crying;
Beſides, who knows, without theſe healing Arts,
But Love might turn your Heads, and break your Hearts!
And the poor Author, by imagin'd Woes,
Might people Bedlam *with our Belles and Beaux.*

Hence I, who lately bid adieu to Pleaſure,
Robb'd of my Spouſe, and my dear virgin Treaſure;
I, whom you ſaw deſpairing breathe my laſt,
Am free and eaſy, as if nought had paſt,
Again put on my Airs, and play my Fan,
And fear no more that dreadful Creature, Man.

— *But*

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—— But whence does this malicious Mirth begin?
I know, ye Beaſts, ye reckon it no Sin.

'Tis ſtrange, that Crimes the ſame, in diff'rent Plays,
Should move our Horror, and our Laughter raiſe.
Love's Joy ſecure the comic Actor tries,
But if he's wicked in Blank Verſe he dies.
The Farce, where Wives prove frail, ſtill takes the beſt,
And the poor Cuckold is a ſtanding Jeſt:
But our grave Bard, a virtuous Son of Iſis,
Counts a Bold Stroke in Love among the Vices;
In Blood and Wounds a guilty Land he dips ye,
And waſtes an Empire for one raviſh'd Gipſie.

What muſty Morals fill an Oxford *Head,*
To Notions of pedantic Virtue bred!
There each ſtiff Don at Gallantry exclaims,
And calls fine Men and Ladies filthy Names;
They tell you, Rakes and Jilts corrupt a Nation:
—— Such is the Prejudice of Education!

You, who know better Things, will ſure approve
Thoſe Scenes, that ſhow the boundleſs Power of Love.
Let, when they will, th' Italian *Things appear,*
This Play, we truſt, ſhall bring an Audience here.
Bold Myron's *Paſſion, up to Frenzy wrought,*
Would ill be warbled thro' an Eunuch's Throat:
His Part, at leaſt, his Part requires a Man;
Let Nicolini *act it if he can.*

FINIS.

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